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The Bystander, November 5, 1930

the BYSTANDER

No. 1403. Vol. CVIII.

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photograph*

By *Raphael*

MISS SONJA HENIE

The eighteen-year-old Norwegian Amateur Champion Skater, who has been World Champion four times, is now in London training for the European Championship at the end of January. During next February she will take part in the World Championships which are to be held in Berlin

GRANDEUR 'MIDST THE ALPINE SNOWS

A striking view near Chamonix of Les Pruz, Aiguille du Dru. Chamonix is increasing in popularity every year, for not only is it situated among some of the most beautiful scenery in Switzerland, but it provides excellent facilities for all forms of Winter Sports

Central Press

ANOTHER TRIUMPH FOR THE BOOKIES!

The despised three-year-old, The Pen (Clifford Richards up), winning the Cambridgeshire by a head from Racedale, with the favourite, The Recorder, finishing third. The Pen, which started at the long odds of 50 to 1, is owned by Mrs. M. Hartigan, seen inset, the daughter of the late Mr. George Edwardes, the famous theatrical manager, and was trained by her husband

Bassano

The Passing Hour

THE christening of Princess Margaret Rose took place at Buckingham Palace last week, and was one of the extra ceremonies which, together with the opening of Parliament by the King, mark the official start of the Little Season. Richard Speaight, the Court photographer, has said that she was one of the most perfect babies and most perfect sitters he has ever photographed. He should know. He has photographed every single one of the younger members of the Royal Family when they were small, and, incidentally, used the same camera when he took the photographs of the baby Princess Margaret Rose last week.

An Ordeal

THE opening of Parliament last week must have been a nervous ordeal for the young Duke of Norfolk, who was performing his duties as Hereditary Earl Marshal of England for the first time. He carried them out very well, however—a trifle anxiously and self consciously perhaps, but that was as it should be among his elders in so historic a place. The only disappointment was his State uniform. You would have thought that it would have been much more dashing than in fact it was.

As Usual

IT makes little difference what Government is in power, or what crises split the Conservative Party—the Londonderry House political reception on the eve of the opening of Parliament always remains the same. This year it was as crowded as usual, but Lady Londonderry's marvellous diamonds looked more marvellous than ever; Lord Londonderry's eighteenth-century profile seemed once again as if it had belonged to one of the paintings in the portrait gallery; Sir Austen Chamberlain's eyeglass gleamed in the light of the chandeliers, and Lady Chamberlain's corsage was embellished by the medal presented to her by Mussolini for her work in connection with the Italian Art Exhibition.

On the Staircase

THE crush on the staircase was not quite as great as at previous

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT

Central News

The Baroness Beaumont arriving at the House of Lords to hear the speech from the Throne at the opening of Parliament

Planet News

THE PANOPLY OF STATE

Their Majesties in the State Coach, accompanied by a Royal escort and Yeomen of the Guard, arriving at the Houses of Parliament for last week's opening. This was the first time that the King has performed this ceremony with a Labour Government in office

Sport and General

The Earl of Sefton, a member of the King's Bodyguard, photographed during the Royal Procession to Westminster for the opening of Parliament

receptions, but Mrs. Baldwin was just as chatty as ever about the prospects of the party and the trials of her husband in controlling the destinies of his widely diverging flock. Many of the Members of Parliament who had previously signed Colonel Gretton's declaration—the publication of which caused so great a stir—about the unsuitability of Mr. Baldwin as leader of the party were at Londonderry House, and shook hands with him at the top of the stairs. It did not need a psychologist to distinguish their rather uncomfortable expressions; and, indeed, it could not have been a particularly happy experience for them to undergo.

All Sorts and Conditions

AMONG the younger Members of Parliament were Mr. Edward Marjoribanks, with his kiss-curl more or less in control; Mr. Bob Boothby, who looked older and more tired than any young M.P. should before the opening of Parliament; Mr. Charles Baillie-Hamilton, and Commander Oliver Locker-Lampson. But Londonderry House political receptions are not confined merely to those who are solely interested in politics. Elinor Glyn was there with her astoundingly red-copper hair noticeable from the other end of the gallery; also Viola Tree and a number of other unexpected figures.

Elders Predominate

ON the whole, there were not very many young people present. Lady Georgiana Curzon was there with

THE CHARITY BALL SEASON

Central News

Miss Ishbel MacDonald leaving the House of Lords after Parliament was opened by His Majesty last week

her mother, Lady Howe, but she was an exception to the rule. Mr. Frederick Lonsdale, collecting material, perhaps, for some new play, was talking to Lady Maureen Stanley. Orchard, the usher who probably has kept more hungry duchesses in their proper place in "supper queues" than any other official in the world, made one of his rare re-appearances, and showed that his memory for names and faces is as unrivalled as ever. Altogether, it was a really brilliant night.

Business and Pleasure

COCKTAIL parties and supper parties to launch charity dances are occurring in different places every night. The other evening Lady Hulton gave a supper party in her house in Upper Brook Street to familiarise the "conspirators" of the Guy Fawkes Ball with the intricacies of the plot. I gather it has something to do with green and orange masks and cloaks, and it will no doubt be all very exciting. In actual fact, the charity aspect of the party was soon allowed to be forgotten, and a dance to a very good pianist ensued, but this does not mean that the charity will suffer.

Society and Sports Press

Mr. G. P. Langton, K.C., leaving the House of Lords after being sworn in as a judge last week. The ceremony was postponed owing to his temporary indisposition

The Superstition Ball

ANOTHER party was given by Mrs. Magrath in Great Cumberland Place for the Superstition Ball, at which Lord Brentford appeared in a morning coat, and Kathleen Lady Drogheda, Lady Patricia Moore, Lady

entral Press

Sir Anthony and Lady Lindsay-Hogg photographed at Fulham Palace with the Bishop of London, who christened their infant daughter. Lady Lindsay-Hogg was formerly Miss Francis Doble, the well-known actress

A ROMANCE OF THE HUNTING FIELD

Mullens, and Princess George Imeretinsky were among those who drank "Witchesbrew" cocktails, which were excellent, while Mrs. Wills and Miss Betty Hulton put on fancy dress and allowed themselves to be photographed.

Just in Time

IT is still not too late to refer to the ball which is being given at the Hyde Park Hotel to-morrow (Thursday). It is to help the ex-Services Welfare Society, and in addition to hornpipes, pipers and dancers of the Scots Guards, and the Royal Hawaiian Band from Honolulu, Mr. Douglas Byng, from the Café Anglais, will sing some of his extremely risqué songs. But you will need to sit up late for that.

Central Press

Dr. Raymond Lomax and Miss Mary Woolland the Joint-Master of the Craven, leaving the Church of the Holy Cross at Ramsbury, Wilts, after their wedding. Followers of the hunt formed a Guard of Honour, and hounds and huntsmen lead the bridal car from the church to the reception

A MEET AND A WEDDING *Keystone*

Miss Mary Woolland and her brother Mr. Woolland, the Joint-Masters of the Craven, seen with the Huntsman at the opening meet. It took place the day before her marriage, at which members and subscribers of the hunt presented her with a wedding gift

No Frost

THE Ice Carnival which is to take place at Grosvenor House on December 1 promises to be as big a success as that last week. Lady Linlithgow and Lady Marjorie Dalrymple are organising it, and are being helped by such people as Lady Romilly, Miss Joyce Wethered, Miss Rosemary Mitford, and Lady Airlie. It is not yet known whether any of the Royal Princes will be present.

Family Affairs

A NUMBER of highly interesting "events" may shortly be expected in the families of people whose faces are known to readers of THE BYSTANDER. They include Mrs. Wills-Moody, Mrs. Michael Arlen, and, most intriguing of all, the new Duchess of Westminster. A successor to the dukedom would be of interest all over the world.

Doing Well

THE three most interesting babies of the past eighteen months were those of the Duchess of York, Lady Pearson (Gladys Cooper), and Lady Diana Cooper. All three babies are doing extraordinarily well. I hear, by the way, that though the Duke of York would have liked a son, the Duchess was delighted that she had another daughter—which is contrary to what most people thought was the case.

That Secret Ballot

MR. BALDWIN'S jocularity with the Press photographer outside the Caxton Hall is a matter of some interest to Conservatives.

Mr. Malcolm Ewart Gladstone and Miss Betty Cambie, the elder daughter of Mr. and M their wedding. The little train-bearer holding the bridegroom's hand is Mu

MORE HORSES FOR YOUR NOTEBOOK

L.N.A.

Capt. Ian Ferguson McAlpine and The Hon. Dorothy Bethell leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after their wedding last week. The bride is the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Bethell

"It may be the last chance you will get of photographing me," were his actual words. And while it is true that 462 votes were given in his favour at the secret ballot, the remaining 116, almost exactly one in four, which were given against him will have made him and Mrs. Baldwin think furiously, for it is said that Mrs. Baldwin has a great deal of influence on her husband's policy, much more than the average politician's wife.

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

FEARSOME opened in the market at Newmarket at 10 to 1, but "Blower" money quickly reduced the price to 8 to 1. The colt had won a five-furlong race over the same course at the first October meeting, but on this occasion he weakened coming out of the dip and finished fourth. Will pay to follow.

MARLBOROUGH was a strong "tip" at Newmarket and carried good money. Was sixth. Finished second at Leicester in July and won at Newmarket earlier in the same month. Follow for a mile and a quarter race.

GOSSAMER was the medium for sound business at Newbury to win a six-furlong race, but was down the track. Has been placed three times this season.

KIRKTON was well backed at Stockton and was third in a field of thirteen. Keep an eye on this colt for a six-furlong race in the north.

EARNA COLT by Blandford, received marked support in the market at Doncaster, where he finished third in a six-furlong race. Earlier in the season was fourth on two occasions.

TOWN TALK was second favourite at Newbury, but was not placed over a mile and a quarter. Over the same distance at Leicester finished fourth. Losses should be recovered.

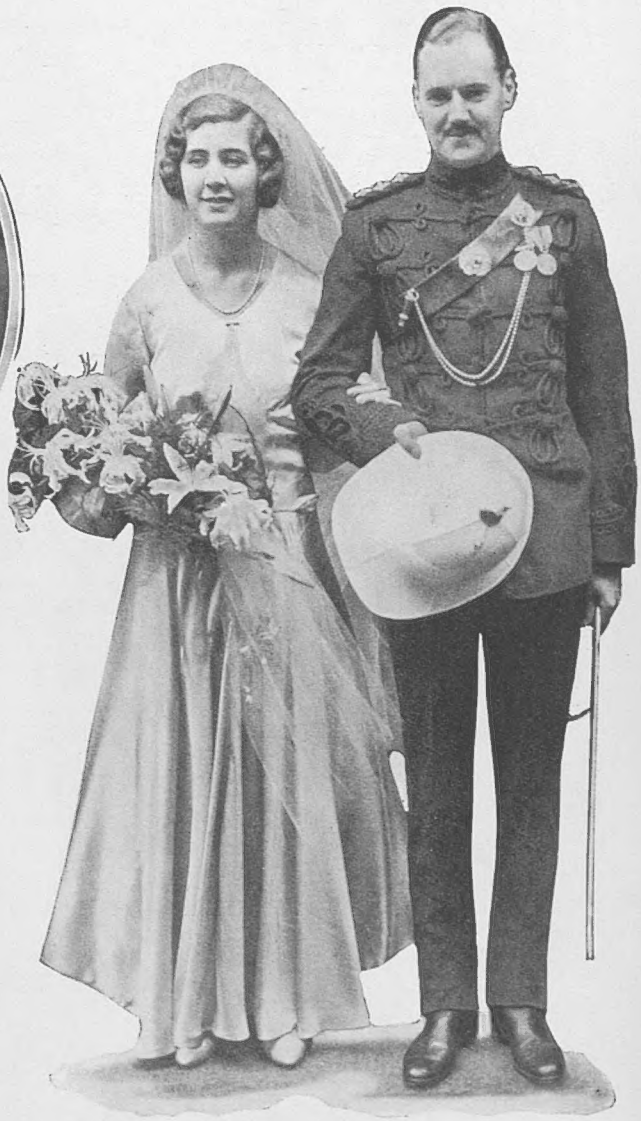
Mr. E. H. O. Elkington and Miss Katherine Halliwell leaving the parish church at Burbage, near Buxton, after their wedding. The bridegroom is the General Manager in Persia of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, Ltd.

Sport and General

Charles Cambie, leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after John Tennyson-d'Eyncourt, Mr. Gladstone's nephew

The Duke's Departure

THE Queen of Spain and the Duke of Connaught were the two most distinguished guests at the afternoon party given by the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace. In a few days' time the Duke will be off again on his annual



Sport and General

Mr. Clive Astley-Roberts and Miss Betty Seligman leaving Holy Trinity, Brompton, after their wedding. The bridegroom is a Lieutenant-Commander in the Ceylon Police

A DARK-BLUE CAMBRIDGESHIRE

Sport and General

The luncheon interval at the Oxford University Drag Hounds Hunter Trials, held last week at Middleton Stoney, near Bicester. Included in the group are Miss Nancy Beaton, Miss Nancy Freeman-Mitford, the Earl of Jersey, M. and Mlle. de Uriburu, Mlle. de Castell and Lady Mary St. Clair-Erskine

visit to the Riviera. The Queen of Spain, on the other hand, will be here for some weeks, and a dinner is to be given in her honour at the Spanish Embassy in the next ten days.

Marcus Adams

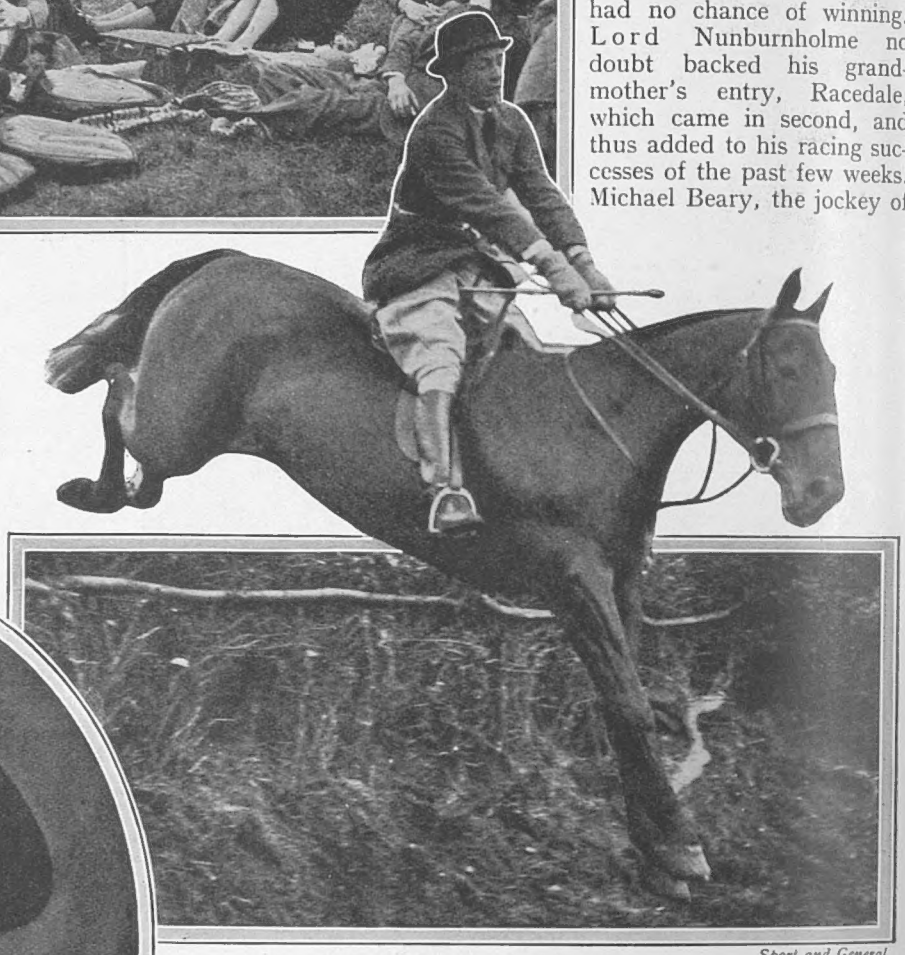
Lady Burney, the wife of Sir Dennistoun Burney, photographed with her son, Cecil. She is the Chairman of the St. Andrew's Eve Ball, to be held at Grosvenor House on November 24, in aid of the Women's and Babies' Annexe of the Royal Free Hospital

The New Fashion

AT Buckingham Palace many of the women were wearing the new cap berets, some of them in contrasting colours, such as black and blue. This new fashion is likely to spread, unlike that of wearing jewel clips in the hair, which was started in Paris a few weeks ago, and has made a desultory appearance in London. One or two actresses have tried it out at private parties, but they received more curiosity than admiration on those occasions.

An Outsider Again

AT Newmarket, too, the cap beret was very much in evidence. It was to be seen on Cambridgeshire Day in every shape and colour. The smartest headgear, however, does not compensate for the favourite losing, and general disappointment was evident when it was clear that the Aga Khan's horse had no chance of winning. Lord Nunburnholme no doubt backed his grandmother's entry, Racedale, which came in second, and thus added to his racing successes of the past few weeks. Michael Beary, the jockey of Qurrat-al-Ain, however, must have been very despondent, after he had advised so many of his friends to back his mount. Indeed, the bookies were about the only ones who welcomed the result of the race.



Sport and General

Lord Dalmeny, on Uncle Rex, taking the last jump in the Undergraduate Class at the Oxford University Drag Hounds Hunter Trials at Middleton Stoney

A Coming-of-Age

OXFORD University is said to be rather a quiet place at the moment, and yet there have been some bright moments. One of the brightest, though it occurred outside the bounds of the proctors, was the coming-of-age party given by Lord Rosslyn's son, Mr. James St. Clair-Erskine. Lady Mary Erskine, his sister, is a debutante of this year.

HUNTING BEYOND THE BORDER

Hounds arriving at Prieston Quarry for a cubbing meet of the Duke of Buccleuch's Foxhounds, the most famous of Scottish packs. In the background are seen the famous Eildon Hills

A Quaint Mixture

MEANTIME the undergraduates at Oxford have been having a debate on the subject that "This House dislikes Amy Johnson, Hitler, and University Journalism." It seems an oddly assorted trio of dislikes, and yet it failed dismally to produce amusing speeches. Ultimately, there voted for the *ayes* 227 and for the *noes* 132. Not that it interested many people either way.

A Poet-Peer

THOSE Imperial delegates who were invited to Lady Jersey's "at home" in Montagu Square last Thursday had an unexpected entertainment in the shape of Lord Dunsany. For Lord Dunsany read a number of his charming poems about the Taj Mahal and fairies. He has an excellent enunciation, in addition to a very high gift of poetry, and there was enthusiastic applause at the end of each poem.

Best Seller

THOUGH well known as a playwright in Great Britain, Lord Dunsany enjoys a far greater reputation in America. About eight years ago he had no fewer than five plays running simultaneously in the U.S. And he continues to be one of the only best-seller poets alive.

Among the guests at Lady Jersey's house was Lady Saltoun, whose son had the misfortune to be a prisoner throughout the Great War. To-day he is a chartered accountant.

Exclusive BYSTANDER *Photographs* *Central Press*

Lady Elizabeth Scott at the cubbing meet of the Duke of Buccleuch's Foxhounds at Prieston Quarry. She is the elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Dalkeith

AT THE PLAY

BRIGHT YOUNG PEOPLE WHO

"Lucky Dip," at the Comedy Theatre

OUR Bright Young People have received attention at the hands of dramatists lately, and in *Lucky Dip* at the Comedy Theatre author Frank Vosper has chosen a youth and his fiancée belonging to this set to provide material for three cheery acts.

IN the absence of Betty Mainwaring's parents this bright young person has asked Oliver Boulton to help her entertain at dinner some of their particular pals. Unfortunately, the invitation extended to them—only for six, on printed cards! what formality!—is wrongly dated. Hence when the evening arrives there is a meal prepared, but no one to eat it.

BETTY'S "perfectly marvellous idea" is to ring up complete strangers and beg them to come round at once and dispose of the eats. The name of Bothways in the telephone directory attracts her, so an elderly plebian dame who keeps a shop—"Everything for Baby"—is persuaded to come. But there is another Bothways—Sir Francis—in the directory, so just for the fun of the thing he is asked, too, and later it is discovered that before Sir Francis sacrificed a faithful spouse in the Divorce Court for the sake of his career they were a happy husband and wife.

A NOVELIST, Adrian Hinchcliffe, accepts the invitation, which is likely to provide copy, and also a Mrs. Carrington Horne, a lady with a husky voice who sells "Modes et Robes," but, when tackled, is quite unable to differentiate between the two, who lives in a flat so small that, to quote her own words, "one good sneeze dusts it for a week"!

SHE is the pick of the basket so far as amusement is concerned, but a touch of drama is introduced by a rather nebulous cat-burglar who is called in as he passes the flat, and an uninvited guest from above who, thanks to intensive study as a repertory actress, believes she has murdered her husband.

IN cold, cold print the method by which this varied assortment of characters is brought together may sound utterly improbable, but Mr. Frank Vosper is skilful enough as a dramatist to make this first act acceptably amusing and having got this mixture together he keeps the fun going to the very end, for even the "murderess," though at one moment it looked as if tragedy would get the upper hand, is the cause of laughter, which can't be said for all murderesses.

AND when the guests have departed the author finishes up by getting in a little dig at these B.Y.P. They admit that it has been a wonderful evening, and only shows what fun can be had by getting out of the rut and enlarging one's circle of acquaintances. This evening will be a lesson to them. The telephone rings, and they discover that all their little set are assembled near by and a bottle party is in progress. Seizing two liquid prices of admission they depart with hoots of joy once more to join their own particular pals, completely forgetful of the amusement obtained from perfect strangers.

A NEW USE FOR THE

Some of the quaint characters entertained at an impromptu dinner-party, brought together by invitations to complete strangers found by a "Lucky Dip" in the (Nora Swinburne), Adrian Hinchcliffe, novelist (Ballard Berkeley), Mrs. Carrington Horne, dressmaker (May Hallatt), Mrs. Cameron, actress

ENTERTAIN — By VERNON WOODHOUSE

ALTOGETHER a delectable evening made memorable for me by the performance of May Hallatt as the husky-voiced Mrs. Carrington Horne. This actress had a small part in *Debonair* and made much of it. Here she has a big one as a slightly passé man-hunter—H. H. Harris shows you in his sketch what she is like—is gorgeously funny throughout. In her own particular line there is no comedienne on the stage to-day who can compare with her.

FRANK LAWTON and Nora Swinburne as host and hostess both play with a light and agreeable touch. Dorothy Black as the self-confessed murderess was, on occasions, really tragic. Reginald Bach and Clare Greet as the reunited elderly couple added a pleasant touch of sentiment as well as humour. Townsend Whitling might really have been a detective inspector. It was the fault of the author, I think, that the cat-burglar remained somewhat nebulous despite Henry Caine's efforts, while Ballard Berkeley's novelist, though amusing, was painted in as vivid a colour as his green shirt. I think it must have been, once again, Frank Vosper's fault in allowing a man of letters to talk about "almost unique"!

"The Grain of Mustard Seed," at the Ambassadors Theatre

IT was doubtless because when *The Grain of Mustard Seed* was first produced it secured a satisfactory run that it was considered worthy of a revival, but I am not at all sure that this ten-year-old play would not have been better left alone.

THIS is not because *The Grain* is a political satire and politics date, for, as a matter of fact, Captain H. M. Harwood's comedy, so far as the politics are concerned, does not seem particularly old-fashioned, but because the play itself is no great shakes. There is precious little action and a deuce of a lot of talk, and, frankly, the talk isn't good enough. The satire is too obvious, and an average audience doesn't enjoy being "Trafalgar Squared" even when the views enunciated are those which the majority themselves hold.

MIXED up with the politics is a rather sordid love story, and as the heroine Joyce Kennedy played cleverly. Nicholas Hannen as the idealist politician, who falls in love with her, has done better in better parts, but Mabel Terry Lewis and A. Bromley Davenport were at their best as old-fashioned aristocrats.

SKETCHES OF "LUCKY DIP," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE, BY H. H. HARRIS

TELEPHONE DIRECTORY

Telephone directory. Reading from left to right, Arthur Robinson, cat burglar (Henry Caine), Oliver Boulton, host (Frank Lawton), Betty Mainwaring, hostess (Dorothy Black), Mrs. Kate Bothways, owner of "Everything for Baby" (Clare Greet), and Sir Francis Bothways, by gad (Reginald Bach)

"Loyalties"

ONE of the best plays John Galsworthy has ever written, first acted and published in 1922, has blossomed forth in a new and illustrated edition (Duckworth, 8*s.* 6*d.*). *Loyalties* in its new form is worth a place in any theatrical library, for it is beautifully printed, and the drawings by S. Van Abbé—whose work is well known to readers of THE BYSTANDER—are extraordinarily well done and bear a close—but not slavish—resemblance to the cast which first so brilliantly interpreted this fine play at the St. Martin's Theatre. V. W.

THE VARSITIES AT PLAY

T. C. McKellar (Jesus) manages just to clear the bar in the High Jump during the Seniors' Sports at Cambridge recently

G.P.U.

Topical

A tussle for the ball in mid-field during a trial lacrosse match at Oxford, where the presence of Canadian undergraduates makes this game very popular

R. C. M. Owbridge (Marlborough and St. John's) winning the final of the Half Mile in the Senior Sports at Fenner's. His time for the event was 2 min. 5 3-5 secs.

Sport and General

G. R. M. Ricketts (Hertford) who kept goal for Oxford against a F.A. XI in the recent match at Iffley Road. His great height—he stands 6 ft. 7 in.—is shown by the ease with which he can reach the crossbar

Topical

Photographs

Central Press and L.N.A.

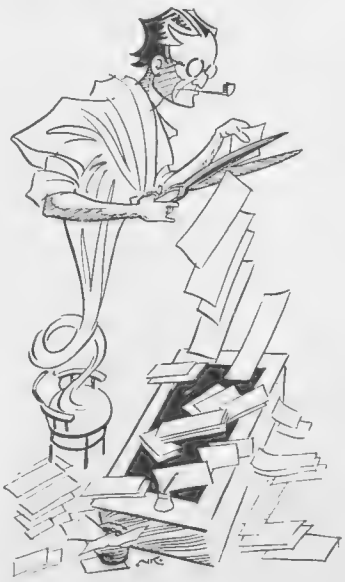
L. G. Legon (St. Olave's and Emmanuel) winning the final of the 100 yards in the Seniors' Sports at Cambridge in 10 2-5 seconds. Inset: Mr. J. M. Mason, the steward, using the newly installed microphone in place of a megaphone

THE LITERARY SHOW

THE VOGUE OF VERBOSITY

By J. A Hammerton

FOR eighteen years I have been subscribing to a Spanish encyclopædia, the volumes of which have been appearing at irregular intervals all that time. It is an extraordinary compilation familiarly known as the *Espasa*, a triumph of German thoroughness. Although issued in Barcelona and circulated throughout the Spanish-speaking world the industry at the back of it has been German, and I suspect it has been set up and printed in Leipzig. I received the seventieth volume the other day, and, as the set contains several double volumes numbered as one, the total number is either seventy-two or seventy-three. Each contains approximately two million words, so that the *Espasa* is easily the lengthiest of all modern Encyclopædias—say 45,000,000 words, and heaven knows how many scores of thousands of illustrations! This, however, is far from being a world's record. Chinese scholarship has produced one running to 5,020 volumes! You may consult that incredibly vast compilation in the British Museum, where they have managed to bind it up into seven hundred volumes.



"One of the dreaded Fates with the abhorred shears"

THERE is no merit in mere length. I do not doubt that the total contents of the *Espasa* could have been compressed, with immense advantage to its readers, into twenty volumes. It is always easier to be prolix than to be pithy. Every editor is familiar with the dreadful contributor who is asked for a thousand words and sends in 5,000. It is often easier to describe a subject in 5,000 than in one thousand words, but nearly always more desirable to have it described in one thousand. Myself, I was associated many years ago with the editing of a Spanish encyclopædia which contained a total of 75,000,000 words, of which the advertising department made a great virtue; but I always felt that, for all practical purposes, it would have been vastly improved by compression to about one-fourth its bulk.

"CUT it down!" used to be the slogan of the sub-editor, whom the descriptive reporter looked upon as one of the dreaded Fates with the abhorred shears. The increased size of papers may have engendered the new mania for prolixity to be noted everywhere in the Press to-day. The few authentic details of the latest murder are often retold in the same column two or three times. In fiction, too, the vogue of the moment tends to verbosity. The old novelists were careless of both form and concision. They had their yarns to spin and they went on spinning until they had used up their stock. Nobody can doubt that most of the Waverley Novels would have been assured of far greater popularity at this distance of time from their first writing had they shown a greater economy of words. Yet I should doubt if any contemporary critic complained about them on the score of their length. In those days of ampler leisure readers were in no hurry to arrive at the end of a tale that entertained them.

MOST of the great Victorians are chargeable with the vice of wordiness. Wilkie Collins is, I think, an exception, as becomes a master of plot. I wish I could depict Swinburne as I have seen him, his eyes gleaming, his tongue eloquent on this very point, at one of what Watts-Dunton called "our bachelor dinners," when these two veterans and one young man used to forgather at The Pines. Or even recall some scraps of his brilliant criticism. Swinburne on Wilkie Collins was an education for a young novelist. Many nights of the poet's life were spent in re-reading aloud the whole Wilkie Collins series to Watts-Dunton, an interesting fact which may, or may not, have been already recorded by some other writer.

WHY were most of the Victorians, especially Dickens and Thackeray, inclined to excessive length in their fictions? For the same reason that the French are masters of the *conte*. The short story arose in France because of the exigencies of journalism requiring a certain space, accommodating from two to three thousand words, to be filled by a short fiction. In the days of Dickens the method of publishing romances was in shilling monthly numbers, and as it rarely happened that the novelist had finished writing his story before publication began he simply carried it on for as many monthly parts as his public seemed willing to stand.

"They went on spinning their yarns till they had used up their stock"

SIR PHILIP GIBBS *Howard Coster*

Whose new book, "Since Then," has just been published by Messrs. Heinemann at 15s. In it he reviews in lucid and most interesting fashion the course world politics and national affairs have been taking since the end of the War

At a rough estimate, I should say that *Bleak House* and *Dombey and Son* contain nearly 400,000 words each; *Pickwick* certainly runs to 350,000 words. These used to be thought very long novels, as indeed they are, and Meredith, who was in the direct Dickens tradition but had not the excuse of a public clamorous for his monthly parts, touched about a quarter of a million words in *The Egoist*, and more than that in *Harry Richmond*. His *Feverel* contains about 200,000 words. As a one-time enthusiastic Meredithian who could claim to have read every word he had printed in book form, and nearly everything that had been written about him, I remember my sympathetic acceptance of a French critic's statement, that we could not well fail to acquire an intimate knowledge of his characters, since we were condemned to spend so much of our time in their company. Yet Meredith, at his wordiest, is completely outdone by certain popular writers of the moment, and Dickens very nearly rivalled.

The old three-volume novel had also tended to produce verbiage in writers of fiction, and when it went, unmourned by any reader, the single-volume six-shilling novel seemed to bring an instant and lasting benefit to the fictive art. Round about 100,000 words became the limit in which the romancer moved, and he had perforce to cut the cackle and cotton to the narrative. So we have gone on for nearly a generation until, possibly out of a desire to increase the price of a novel from 7*s.* 6*d.* to 10*s.* 6*d.* by merely adding to its type and paper (N.B.—The binding cost remains the same!), the writer of established reputation now finds that he can get away with a yarn as long as *Pickwick*, which probably involves no greater mental strain upon him than the same story would have done told more tightly—less indeed.

I suppose it is a case of giving their particular publics what they want, an art in which there is no greater adept than Mr. Arnold Bennett, who with *Imperial Palace* is having the success of his career. And no wonder! It is an astonishingly sustained piece of brilliant description and characterisation, which I have so far only galloped through and intend to read as it ought to be read, with care and leisure, at a later season, when I hope to be able to exercise the one and enjoy the other. When I read for enjoyment I read slowly. I think I must have spent the evenings of a week on Aldous Huxley's *Point Counter Point*, which I just finished last night. It is a long book, though fifty thousand words short of *Imperial Palace*. I suppose it must be regarded as a novel, yet it has not much more articulation than the white slug which is its author's favourite simile for a certain type of personality. Call it what you like, it is an amazingly penetrating study and criticism of contemporary manners, at once fascinating and illuminating.

Had I the space I am confident I could prove that most of the truly immortal things of literature incline to brevity rather than to verbosity, to compression rather than to expansion. We must all agree that length implies no merit. I admit it is a recommendation in the case of Joyce's *Ulysses*, which runs to over 400,000 words. The sheer bulk of that work would have prevented many people from reading it, apart from the entirely desirable action of the authorities in prohibiting its publication. Thornton Wilder made a world-wide success with a story of some 36,000 words, and probably derived from the profits of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* as much as Mr. Arnold Bennett may rake in from *Imperial Palace*. The total of all Sir James Barrie's books, excluding his plays, does not exceed 800,000 words. This represents no fewer than a dozen books. Another instance of Scotch economy.

On the whole, I think our really widely popular novelists have been inclined to wordiness. Hall Caine in his day, although he is the real pioneer of the modern one-volume novel, always tended to length in such stories as *The Eternal City* and *The Christian*. Owen Seaman in *Borrowed Plumes* has a dig at this when he is burlesquing the Hall Caine manner. He concludes his jocular juggling of *The Eternal City* thus:—

"Who was Dotti, grandpapa?"

"Dotti, my boy? Why that's ages ago, back in the early part of the twentieth century, before they did away with kings and boundaries, and such-like relics of barbarism."

"Is it a pretty story, grandpapa?" asked the boy wistfully.

"That's a matter of taste, my child," replied the old man; "but I know it's a d——d long one."

They wrote "damned" that way in 1902. We progress!

J. A. H.

BY WILL OWEN

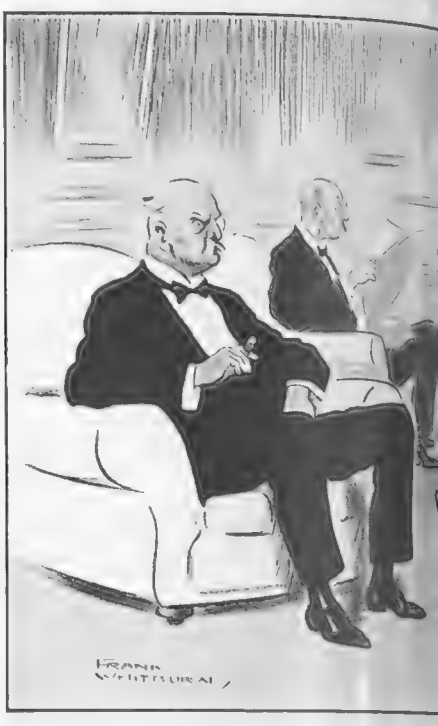
"OH, THAT WE TWO WERE MAYING!"

If Gossip

Janet Jevons

JOYCE KENNEDY

Who plays Marjorie in "The Grain of Mustard Seed," the play by H. M. Harwood, which has been revived at the Ambassadors Theatre



THE SNOB: "The Earl of Whoosit has asked me to
THE OTHER: "Well, it's a mansion with nearly
to manage to hit it"

IN less than a week Armistice Day will be with us, with its solemn celebrations. One trusts all the more fervidly this year that the day will not pass unmarked (in the best sense) in view of the fact that, although tributes at the Cenotaph are not politically imperilled, those at the grave of the Unknown Warrior are. Heaven knows, one does not want to make a Party question of national grief and international homage.

But the Socialist Government has shown, by what has rightly been termed "an act of offensive folly," that it can trot out its pet fads even in territory such as this. I cannot see how else can be interpreted the Government's action in discouraging Armistice observance, and in requesting foreign nations not in future to lay their wreaths of respect.

IT is true that such ceremonies cannot go on for ever and ever. But the time to discontinue them is not yet, and a Socialist Government is hardly the Government to order such a step. There are good patriots and decent-minded people among the Socialists; but as a party their motives in these matters are very far from being above suspicion. Their organ calls a proper and dignified protest against this attempt to dishonour the fallen, "a brawling attack"—which is comic. It is the Socialists who are the attackers. The position is the familiar one of the animal in the Zoo which was labelled "Dangerous" (or "brawling," if you like) because when attacked it defended itself.

WHY do I say that the present Government is not the one to tell us, and other nations also, not to lay wreaths in memory of the beloved

L.N.A.

MARK AT THE MIKE!

Mark Hambourg, the famous pianist, busy saying it with music during the making of his first talkie. It takes the form of a rendering of Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata

We Must.

By Frank Whitburn

"...and shoot at his place in Scotland"
...hundred bedrooms, so with a bit of luck you ought

dead? Because the record of the Socialist party in matters of nationalism and patriotism is about as bad as it can be. They delighted in jeopardising British lives during the Chinese trouble—one Socialist politician opposing the sending of armed forces to China on the score that the British lives in danger were "only Capitalist lives." They kow-tow to Russia. They upheld with all their might that plot against the nation, the General Strike, which they did their best to turn into a Revolution. They have smashed the harmless and useful Cadet Corps movement. They have raised the status of conscientious objectors in Government employ and lowered the status and the pay of naval and military officers. That, I think, will do to go on with.

ONLY the most churlish grudged the knighthood and the complimentary lunch to Harry Lytton. At the latter, which was a most cheerful affair, I did hear a few rather acidulated compliments whispered by brother and sister "pros" who should have known better. But they were very few. I should imagine that Harry Lytton, most modest of men, would be the last person to deny those whispers to the effect that there are better actors who have not been thus honoured. That is so.

BUT the honour to Lytton was paid to forty years of faithful service in Gilbert and Sullivan, a supremely English form of entertainment, which was thus again publicly recognised through him. And if Sir Harry's capabilities are doubted, I ask—where is the man who can sing, act, and dance, in a round of extremely diverse characters, with such true accomplishment as he so consistently displays?

Miss Carina Fahy, the fifteen-year-old sculptor, at work in her Lincoln's Inn studio on a bust of the American boxer, Dave Shade. One can imagine the feelings of Jem Mace and other lords of the prize ring if they knew how their modern counterparts are immortalised!

Raphae

DORA VADIMOVA

The beautiful Russian dancer and soloist from the Diaghileff Ballet. She is the première danseuse in "Charlot's Masquerade," at the Cambridge Theatre

GILBERT showed British humour—America says no such thing exists, but I guess I'm gonna ignore that, big boy!—at its most subtle. Leslie Henson, Sydney Howard, Tom Walls, and Ralph Lynn show the whole art of farce-making at its British best. George Robey, back again in magnificent form on the "halls," and Billy Bennett, whom I saw convulsing the guests at a supper club the other night, are superb examples of British humour at its broadest. What could be more British than Harry Tate, who, with the quick and delicious inconse-

By Bertram Prance

WIFE: (To motoring husband returned from interviewing pedestrian victim). "Did you tell him it was his own fault?"
HUSBAND: "No, I-er-wrote it on a piece of paper and pinned it on to him"

quence of his "sketches," has been absent from central London far too long? Maisie Gay and Ciceley Courtneidge are a couple of comediennes absolutely unrivalled the whole world over.

Some of us are getting so much into a groove of imagining that nothing can ever be funny unless it is said with an American accent, and that no play is witty unless it is acted in French and by the Guitrys, that it is time a bit of trumpet-blowing was indulged in for the general health.

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THE wily attempt to extract money from Miss Gladys Cooper by writing a letter and signing it "Sybil Thorndike" caused a certain amount of amusement, tempered, I trust, by sympathy for those concerned, who must have been somewhat distressed. The letter was, on the face of it, so stupid, however, that such distress must have been only momentary.

One point rather struck me. This is an age when almost every paper has its gossip column, where actresses and other public characters are written about day after day; when restaurants and dance clubs are known, at any rate by name, by millions of people who never enter them. Yet the writer of this letter made one famous actress ask another to lunch at—the Euston Hotel! Now, I do not doubt the virtues of the Euston Hotel. But do famous actresses lunch there?

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TALKING of actresses, let THE BYSTANDER take this opportunity of welcoming back from America Evelyn Laye, who is as good a little ambassador, in her way, as we could possibly have. She did not cross the Atlantic to be an ambassador; she crossed it in order to make money, and a nice little packet of it she must have made. But she showed Hollywood how exquisite English beauty can be, and I also take off my hat to the Hollywood photographers, whose photographs of Evelyn, which heralded her arrival, are among the loveliest I have ever seen.

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THAT is not all. Evelyn Laye, though Nature has given her something rather extra special in the way of faces, owes her position to hard and conscientious work. I remember her as a pretty little nobody, understudying in a bad farce at the Duke of York's Theatre. She has got where she has through sticking to her job. She is not the wife of any theatrical manager, nor his mistress. She did not make eyes at wealthy males who "put money into the show" for her. She has kept herself decent. Evelyn Laye is not alone in this position; there are other decent and hard-working girls on the English stage, some of them in positions almost as big. But the case of Evelyn Laye is sufficiently striking (and, if you like, sufficiently exceptional) to be worthy of comment.

THE PIONEER

Most Winter Sports enthusiasts are said to remain loyal to their own particular form of sport year after year.

THE folk who go to Switzerland
When winter snows lie white
All fondly swear that it's a land
Of limitless delight,
But they're content to ski or skate
Or on a bob to lend their weight
From early morn to evening late;
And then, when they have dined in state,
Upon the dance floor they'll gyrate
In fox-trots half the night.

I, too, am fond of Switzerland—
No place is half so nice,
For nothing so well fits a land
For sport as snow and ice.
But why won't people when they go
To Mürren, Davos or to Caux,
Initiative sometimes show
Instead of being very slow
And sticking to the sport they know
At almost any price?

Now when I go to Switzerland,
As soon I mean to go,
For nowhere else there sits a land
That offers such a show,
Since I can't skate or bob or ski
(Although I yearn to do all three)
I'll find two sports that just suit me
And slide and snowball merrily
And spirits high will be my plea
When told my acts are low! B. W.

NOW that Mr. Lloyd George has been described by a leading theatrical gossip writer as one of the greatest actors living to-day, Jimmie Maxton, whose amateur performance in *The Pirates of Penzance* some time ago won him quite an enviable

WHEN GREEK

Leslie Henson and Sydney Howard both disguise themselves as the *at the Strand Theatre. The orgy of back-chat—not to mention*

Press, must look to his laurels. If the Liberal leader is ever thinking of treading the boards in preference to the platform, it is difficult to suggest what part would best suit his volatile personality. Other prominent politicians would not present such difficulties, however, and it is fairly easy to imagine the Chancellor of the Exchequer giving a spirited performance as the Good Fairy in pantomime, or Mr. Tom Shaw tackling the part of Little Lord Fauntleroy, and Mr. Stanley Baldwin as the Sleeping Beauty would probably be a great success.

IMITATION may be the sincerest form of flattery. But if I were in Tom Webster's shoes I think I would be annoyed rather than flattered at the imitation—or, rather, the exact reproduction—of his style adopted, not by a cartoonist of a rival firm, but by a colleague on the same firm. Like Tom, this artist deals with sport. He prints his captions (*i.e.*, descriptions of the various drawings) in capital letters indistinguishable from those Tom uses, and adopts Tom's tricks in a score of ways. Many a time of late I have examined one of these cartoons, and have just been about to exclaim, "Tom's not up to his usual form to-day," when I have noticed another signature in the bottom right-hand corner. Possibly the artist in question is not to blame in that he is obeying instructions. Then, for his own sake, he should disobey them with all possible speed. For no man, or woman, will ever make a name in this world by trading on somebody else's.

"Where did you get *your* guy from, Albert?"
"Guy! I like that! Can't a feller take 'is sister out for a ride wivout 'er being insulted?"

By A. R. Cane

A FEW weeks ago I mentioned a very clever call at Contract Bridge. Here is another which I think equally good. Z (dealer) called one no trump. A no bid. Y, holding eight hearts with all the honours and five clubs to A. J. 10, called six hearts. B doubled Z, and A said no bid, and Y called seven hearts! B doubled again; Z redoubled! The dealer's partner summed up the bidding correctly. B must have doubled on two aces. Therefore Y's partner had called a very light no trump, and his hand must consist of two kings and two queens. One of these two must of necessity be clubs, and so a grand slam was assured. Quite apart from good deduction Z's cleverness lay in increasing the contract after being first doubled.

OINS GREEK!

Stage Photo Co.

...dy novelist whom they have never seen, in a scene from "It's a Boy," ...ing—in which they indulge is very much to the taste of the audience

Topical

SEATS OF THE MIGHTY

Sir James Barrie enduring with equanimity the traditional chairing which followed his installation as Chancellor of Edinburgh University

INDIVIDUA

This attractive evening coat of orange lamé shows the practical length for winter wear that many women prefer. It is luxuriously trimmed with fox dyed orange to match and has a loose bolero effect at the back. Model Dœuillet Doucet

INDIVIDUALITY in dress is as outstanding a characteristic as individuality of character. Either you have it or you have not. But in this, as in many other things, something near it may be acquired for art can step in where nature fails. Also the characteristic must not be overdone—particularly in dress. If you can couple individuality to that capricious lady, la Mode, you will be amongst the world's best dressers. It is in this quality the Parisian élégante excels. It may be in the new way she does her hair, the angle she wears her hat, where she places a flower or a scarf, but she does it with an air that makes it look so utterly right that everyone flocks to copy it and it becomes the rage. It may sound foolish, but it is these little touches that guide opinion in the world of fashion.

ON the other hand, mere individuality may mean something eccentric, which is far from what I wish to convey. Rather is it the touch that makes whatever frock you may be wearing seem so suitable or becoming that it has the appearance of being *your* frock and not someone just wearing a smart French model. If it be chosen right it will be but a vehicle to express *your* personality; you should not lose your own in it. Therefore, whatever there

A satin frock which cleverly illustrates the vogue for the yoked effect in a lighter shade on a darker colour. Carried out in two shades of marron and bois de rose. Model Nicole Groult

LITY IN DRESS

By BLANCHE B. ELLIOTT.

is in the new modes that is suitable for *you*, this should be your choice. But the cleverest adapt themselves amazingly and rapidly to the new "line," when it appears, and keep so far ahead of the herd that they are still "individualists" in dress.

WHATEVER charges may be levelled at the 1930 mode, no one can accuse it of a lack of variety! Once the vital point of the long skirt for evening was universally accepted, the big French fashion designers let loose their creative powers and have put forth a variety of styles. And the 1930 silhouette is definitely original in line. Reminiscent it may also be, but not solely of any one particular period. It flirts with several, but retains its own modern touch. Molyneux definitely states that his higher waistline and fuller, ankle-length skirt belong to the "Revolutionary" period. Various others have touched on the Empire and the early Victorian. Patou shows the tunic both long and short, Lanvin and others the Russian influence with the flared coat of three-quarter or tunic length; there is even a military swagger in the epaulette and wide cuff, also the most popular fitted hip line and full skirt. She must indeed be hard to please who cannot find something to suit her in so infinite a variety.

A new note is given to the little beige and brown tricot sweater in its demurely straight buttoning down the front and the little basque which emerges from below the belt. *Model Schiaparelli*

SECRETLY, in his heart, it is his individual client that the real artist-couturier strives to please. Naturally he shows his big collection of different models to the commercial buyers, as that is where his big profits lie. But he knows these will be copied and broadcast with the tag of his famous name attached. But the woman he loves to dress is the *vraie élégante* who will wear his newest models at exclusive and fashionable places. For her he will adapt, modify, or exaggerate even his most successful models; for her he will hint at what he is going to do *next* season, for upon her chic and elegance much of his reputation depends. Vionnet declares she prefers to dress her individual clients with styles she adapts to their especial requirements. Reboux is another of those whose models for her private clientele are usually of much more interest than those she has produced earlier for the foreign buyers.

AND whatever the house of Reboux produces has a magical effect on the millinery everywhere. Her individualist tendencies make her models extremely difficult to obtain, copy, or broadcast. It is significant that she is now bringing out a new note in millinery and is going towards the poke bonnet of Directoire style, at which I have already hinted. Her small hats with wired brims are the newest and smartest style to be seen. There must surely soon be a surfeit of the beret we have seen on the feminine equivalents of Tom, Dick and Harry! Small hats we must have in this practical age, and the wide hat kept for the summer garden party.

BUT the bonnet idea intrigues me vastly. It will be worn, of course, well down at the back of the head and off the forehead in front, and, in the absence of a shadowy brim over the eyes, what can be more becoming than a halo effect to outline the face? I have been asked why women don't do something to spirit away the wrinkles which the modern hats reveal. I can only say that this must remain a personal matter with the owner of the wrinkles. She can have them taken away or at least ameliorated if she wants to; I saw in Paris a young girl who had her hat pulled back off her head, and, feeling there was something lacking in her appearance, she had calmly pencilled *in* a few wrinkles!

THE NORTH NORTHUMBERLAND RESUME HUNTING

Ian Smith

The field moving off to draw the first covert after the opening meet of the North Northumberland Foxhounds. It took place last week at Cornhill-on-Tweed

Photographs *Topical*

Len Gilbert, the Huntsman of the North Northumberland, and one of the whips keep a watchful eye on hounds at the opening meet at Cornhill House. Inset is seen Miss Annette Usher, M.F.H., who hunts this popular North of England pack

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

"THE MARRIAGE WILL NOT TAKE PLACE"

By ELIOT CRAWSHAY-WILLIAMS

Illustrated by LEO BATES

CAME a loud agitated knock at the door of Derek Lane's flat in Jermyn Street.

The incomparable Johnson, moving to the door with his invariable, unperturbed suavity, opened it, and looked austerely out. A pretty girl stood on the mat, flushed and distressed.

Without giving the manservant time to say anything, she burst into despairing speech.

"Johnson!—I've heard."

Johnson eyed her disapprovingly. "Mr. Lane is not in, Miss Holmes," he observed, without comment.

"Oh, but it's a calamity, Johnson, isn't it?" Her tone was tumultuous, her eyes implored, nay, expected sympathy.

"If you refer to Mr. Lane's approaching marriage, Miss Holmes," Johnson unbent so far as to admit, "I am disposed to agree with you. But it is Mr. Lane's own affair."

"But it *isn't* his own affair," wailed the girl. "It's *my* affair—and lots of other people's affair. It's almost a national affair."

"I think you are exaggerating the size of Mr. Lane's circle of acquaintances, Miss."

"Johnson!" wheedled she, "let me in! Just for a minute! I—I want to write a note."

"Shall I bring you writing materials, Miss?"

"Johnson!"—still more wheedlingly—"you don't want him to get married?"

"I have informed Mr. Lane that, should he do so, I shall be under the unfortunate necessity of giving notice."

"Then," triumphantly, "help me prevent it!"

"I could be no party to any plot against Mr. Lane."

"No one asked you to. I—just want to know all about it. And it isn't decent to stand gossiping for ever like this on the mat. Mr. Lane wouldn't like it."

With a sudden movement she pushed past the reluctant Johnson into the passage, and made her way into the sitting-room.

"Really, Miss Holmes!" protested Johnson, ambling behind.

"NOW, look here, Johnson," the girl demanded, turning on him. "You don't mean to tell me you don't know that this is going to be your master's ruin?"

Johnson stood confounded. The first symptom of a slow smile showed itself. Was hastily suppressed.

"I have never considered Mr. Lane ideally fitted for the married state," he admitted with dignity.

"Ideally fitted!" The words moved her to a peal of laughter. "He'd be in the divorce court in six months."

"That is precisely the estimate I ventured to give Mr. Lane myself, Miss. But I am really afraid I must ask you to leave." He hesitated. "Miss Carlyle is expected."

"Miss Carlyle?—Oh! it's *she*, is it."

"Yes, Miss."

"I'd like to see her. What's she like?"

"Miss Carlyle is a very pleasant young person, as far as I have had opportunity to observe," answered Johnson in a tone that conveyed a slight rebuke.

"Does she know about me—us?"

"Mr. Lane, I understand, made a clean breast of his past; and, to use, I believe, her own words, she said she could swallow it. Not, she said, being of a jealous disposition."

"A MARVEL!" remarked the girl, acidly. "Did he make a clean breast of his future, too?"

"As regards the future, Mr. Lane gave me to understand that he refused to give any assurances."

"And—she's going on?" incredulously.

"Possibly Miss Carlyle relies on her own effect on Mr. Lane. Or on the effect of the married state."

"Well, you know what *that* is!"

Johnson reproved her slightly, with a look. "At any rate," he proceeded, "Miss Carlyle is content."

"And—he can go on seeing me? Us?"

"I believe there is nothing to prevent his doing so."

"The woman must be mad!" said she decisively.

"Perhaps she is only slightly too optimistic, Miss," Johnson ventured.

"I don't care what you call it. It won't work."

"I have my own misgivings, Miss. But they are both quite resolved."

"Johnson—they must be saved from this!"

"To be perfectly frank, Miss, I only wish they could. I may say, privately, I have done my best."

"*I'll* save them. And you must help me."

"I'm afraid, Miss——"

"Oh, don't begin to talk about your duty! Your real duty is to keep him out of this mess. You must let me see Miss Carlyle."

"See her?"

"Yes. Now. Here. When she comes."

"But, Miss——"

"Oh, I'll make it all right somehow. *You* shan't be to blame. And—I bet that marriage will be off."

As she spoke, a bell rang, and there was a knock at the door of the flat. Both turned.

"There!" exclaimed the girl exultantly, "that's her! Now I'll *have* to see her."

Johnson was plainly disconcerted. "I was afraid," he remarked with grimness, "something unfortunate would happen."

"This isn't unfortunate. Johnson, show her in here! Or I'll go out and meet her on the mat."

She made a step in the direction of the door.

"No, Miss!" Johnson anticipated her with a kind of dignified haste. "No scenes on the mat! I will show Miss Carlyle in."

"There won't be a scene—anywhere," cheerfully observed the girl. "Not what you'd call a scene."

"I hope not, Miss Holmes," he fervently asserted, as he made his way out.

In a moment he was back, showing in a charming young creature of twenty-two. A considerably less sophisticated type than Cleo Holmes, who by now had managed to light a cigarette and throw herself into a chair.

"Mr. Lane will probably not be very long," Johnson assured the newcomer, as Cleo, with a well simulated start, jumped to her feet. Seeing the scene was well under way, he softly withdrew.

"I KNOW who you are," said Cleo, very directly. "You're Miss Carlyle, who's going to marry Derek. I'm Cleo Holmes. Part of his past."

The new girl stood hesitant. "Oh, indeed?" she observed at last, coldly.

"Yes. Won't you sit down? Forgive my being a little like a hostess. It becomes almost a habit."

"Really?" A pause. "Did—Mr. Lane ask you here to—receive me?"

"Oh, dear, no! He'd be furious. He wouldn't like me to meet—*yet*, I'm sure. I'm here quite accidentally."

(All rights strictly reserved)

"I hardly thought he'd be so——"

"Wanting in tact? You needn't be afraid of hurting my feelings. I'm beyond that, now. We all are."

"You—all?"

"All his past. Of course, we know one another quite well, most of us. One can't help it, with Derek. It's a good thing you're so sensible."

"I don't quite understand." Her tone was icy.

"I mean—your not being jealous and all that. It won't be so bad as it might have been—if you'd taken him right away from us, as so many would. Now we'll all be friends. We might just as well begin now, mightn't we, as after you're married?"

"Mr. Lane has never suggested that I should be friends with—with——"

"With his past? I understood *you* suggested that."

The other girl for the first time lost a little of her self-possession. "If you will pardon me, I never suggested anything of the kind."

"Well—you said you didn't mind about us, and wouldn't insist on any promises for the future. And that comes to the same thing. Derek isn't a man who'd ever live a double life. If it wasn't necessary, of course. I do wish you'd sit down and be friends. You know I quite like you, already."

The other coloured. "I'm glad," she said, with extreme politeness, "that I please you."

"I can see we'll get on," pursued the other. "Later on we might make up parties for dances and things. Though perhaps it *is* rather awkward for a man to have two of his girls along at the same time. Especially if one's his wife."

"I should think it might be."

"Anyhow," comfortingly, "we can go to things when he's with one of the others. Won't you have a cigarette?" She held out Derek's box. "Though I suppose it's rather cheek to offer you one, when you're really much more mistress of the house than I am—now."

Kathleen Carlyle made no movement. "I assure you I have no desire to interfere with your—late—prerogatives," she said, with a rather dangerous smile.

"Now please don't think I meant that nastily." Cleo pleaded, putting away the box. "I'd hate you to think that. You see I *like* you. And I think you're *so right*. Of course, it's the only way to get on with Derek. To accept things from the start."

"You think so?"

"I do. When I heard you'd never insisted on any promises about the future——"

"You heard that?"

"Of course! That's why I can be so frank."

The other, with casual ease, turned towards the door. "I think I shall be going," she remarked. "And come round some other time."

Cleo stepped quickly forward. "Of *course* you mustn't go! I'll go. I oughtn't to be here at all. It's you who is running Derek now." She turned to snatch up her bag.

"I don't want to stay, thanks."

"Well—let's go together! We might have tea somewhere, and talk over Derek—I daresay I could give you some hints."

"I should prefer to go by myself."

She turned to open the door; but before her fingers could reach the handle there came, from without, the sound of someone letting himself into the flat with a latchkey.

"Stop!" cried Cleo imperiously. "There he is!"

The other's hand dropped.

"You'll have to see him, now," went on Cleo in a quick undertone. "But he mustn't find *me*. I'll go in here," she added, moving over to the bedroom door. "Take him away with you if you can. If not—I'll manage somehow."

She vanished, just as a man's cheerful whistling sounded in the passage outside.

Kathleen Carlyle, seizing a paper, seated herself in a chair, and was apparently studying it with calm interest when Derek, debonair, and much, at the moment, in love with life, entered.

"Hullo, my dear boy," the girl saluted him, in almost an ordinary voice. So ordinary that Derek did not notice what slight constraint was there. He came brightly over to her and kissed her effusively on the lips.

At the net result he seemed a trifle surprised; not to say hurt. He was, he knew, a young man of charm and allure, who, even if he occasionally wrought havoc, invariably left his victims with the feeling that they had not fallen in vain, and had thoroughly enjoyed the process. He was not used to finding his kisses coldly received.

"Not very enthusiastic to-day, are we, dearest?" he suggested.

"I've—been waiting."

"Ah!" He took up the cigarette box and offered it to her. "Dull without me?"

The girl waved away the cigarette.

"No, I haven't been dull," she answered, without smiling.

"I think you ought to have been," complained Derek, lighting up.

"Were *you*?"

"Not a bit. I never am. But then, I've such vitality. And so many resources." He dropped casually into a chair.

"Yes. That's right. Plenty of resources."

"I say, old thing," objected Derek, sitting up, "aren't we a little suggestive of the Polar ice? Couldn't we thaw?"

"Sorry," she observed laconically.

"Look here," invited the young man, coming over to sit on the arm of her chair, "what's the trouble? Anything happened?"

"Oh no. It's nothing. I've just—been thinking things over."

"I say, I wouldn't do that! Nothing bears thinking over. Not seriously. What's it been centring round? Date of wedding? Where to live?"

"No."

"Briefly, then what?"

"Just—you."

"Oh—just me! Go on. Anything the matter with me?"

"Well—you've got your faults. Haven't you?"

Derek was full of honest sincerity. 'My dear old thing—didn't I spend half an afternoon expatiating on them? I thought we'd settled all that."

"I know you did."

"Haven't we?"

There was a pause. Then the young woman began with a certain amount of hesitation, "I say, Derek—if we get married—"

"When we get married," amended he, definitely.

"*If* we get married, is there any chance of my having to meet—any of your—your other girls? The old ones?"

"They aren't old."

She was not to be led away. "Is it possible I might have to meet them?"

He faced her. "Good God! My dear child, you don't suppose that every girl I've—I've had a flirtation with will think it necessary to disappear from society because you and I get married?"

"I don't pay you that compliment, Derek."

"Then—of course you may meet them—an occasional one of them—sometimes. No one minds *that*."

"Not if—it's all over—perhaps. It *will* be all over?"

There was a little pause. Derek walked over somewhat constrainedly to the fireplace.

"Jolly good photo this one of you, darling," he remarked, scrutinising it.

"It *will* be all over?"

"Derek, debonair, and much, at the moment, in love with life, entered"

Derek whisked round. "I say—what on earth's been happening to make you like this?"

"Nothing in particular. Just—thinking, you know."

"Well, I wish you wouldn't think."

"I daresay you do. I wish you'd answer my question."

Derek threw himself into a chair in despair.

"We went into all this very fully the other day."

"And we'll go into it again very fully to-day, please."

"My God, why?"

"Because I want to. Because I don't want to be made a fool of. I didn't—see—before."

"See what?"

"How impossible things would be if—if you—went on."

Derek got up with great dignity and came over to the girl.

"I thought," he said, looking down on her with all the kindliness and tolerance he could muster, "I had at last met a really great woman. A woman above littleness. Above petty jealousy."

"I imagine you thought I'd stand for pretty well anything, didn't you? That I was so in love with you that I'd do anything to get you?"

Derek was outraged.

"Aren't I in love with *you?* Haven't I asked you to marry me?"

"Because it's the only way you can get me And—you'll go on with the others when you've got me."

He moved away. "Kathleen, I wouldn't have thought this of you."

"I've no doubt you wouldn't. But—will you swear never to be more than friends with those others? Or new ones?"

"KATHLEEN"—there was a world of sweet reasonableness in his tone—"if you remember, I was absolutely honest the other day. I admitted I—er—hadn't been a saint."

"Isn't that understating it a little?"

"And I asked you if it was any good a chap like me swearing he'd turn into a model husband in a jiffy. And you said you didn't think it was. You accepted it. You didn't mind."

"I *did* mind. But I accepted it. I don't now."

His composure gave way. "Good heavens! Why not?"

"Because I see it wouldn't work."

"Do I understand," he said, with a kind of searching iciness, "that, after all, you are just like all the rest?"

"I'm just like all the rest—in that."

"Then, Kathleen"—there was melancholy in his tone—"we can never get married."

She jumped up. "D'you think I *want* to—*now*? Now I've found you out? 'Found myself out, I mean to say," she hastily amended, with a glance towards the bedroom door.

"That's better," approved Derek.

"I've no more use for you, now, Derek Lane, than—than you have for me."

"That's all right, then," said he, with a charming smile. "That's splendid. I was afraid I might have to hurt you."

"You think you're modern. But you're only immoral."

"Look here, Kathleen," and Derek came pacifically over to put his hand on her sleeve.

"Don't touch me!"

"All right! All right! I was only going to say that we might as well part friends. I'm quite fond of you still, even if I am deeply disappointed in you."

Kathleen looked at him dumbly for a moment. Then her sense of humour prevailed, and she burst into laughter. "Oh, Derek!" she cried. "I can't really be angry with you. You're too priceless."

"You don't mean you still want to marry me?" he asked, a little anxiously.

"No, my dear. You're safe. You're a very charming young man; but I don't think you'll do as my husband."

"I might be all right as someone else's?" he hazarded.

"That's a matter that purely concerns someone else." She turned to go.

"Purely?"

"That was the word I used. Good-bye—dear."

Derek considered for a moment. Then bent over the proffered hand, and saluted it with his lips.

"You don't think," he remarked, tentatively, as she went through the door, "you'd like to come round here to tea

(*Continued on page viii*)

FILM NOTES

PROFIT and LOSS to STAGE and SCREEN

By Lionel Collier

Is the stage going to give the screen its talent, to the detriment of the latter, and in doing so harm itself? In America we know that Hollywood has gradually denuded New York of its stage stars. Faces unfamiliar on the silent films are gradually finding their way into talkies, and this is all to their benefit. It is not sufficient these days to have a pretty figure or an appealing face—or even the deportment of a first-class mannequin. The talkie artist must have a voice that is pleasing, and must be able to speak lines in a manner that would not disgrace a third-class touring company.

THIS influx of stage talent is equally obviously a drain on the stage and a profit to the screen. On the other hand, the appearance of stage producers for screen work is not so satisfactory. They still retain their outlook limited by stage conventions, and as a whole fail to realise that they have a new medium to hand, plastic and capable of wide exploitation of idea. An exception I would quote would be Murray Anderson's extreme inventiveness in "The King of Jazz." He at least has realised what camera scope means, and has not been content to confine his endeavours by a proscenium arch.

Muriel Aked as Charlotte Hopkinson, a chaperon in "The Middle Watch," to whom it is more of a muddle than a Middle Watch

Mary (Jacqueline Logan) persuades the Admiral (Frederick Volpe) to overlook the happenings on board ship. A scene in "The Middle Watch," a British International Picture made at Elstree and directed by Mr. Norman Walker

NOW Florenz Ziegfeld has taken the field, and gives us at the Tivoli a photographed version of his production, "Whoopee." I imagine that on the stage this must have produced a wonderful spectacular effect—on the screen it looks cramped and theatrical. It is in colour, and while the colour is good it cannot compete with stage actualities. Sets are imposing, but they are bounded by a theatrical producer's limitations. This way lies a negation of all that imaginative directors have tried to instil into the new medium of expression. He has tried to vary things by photographing dancing ensembles from above—a trick that, because it is a trick and not a natural viewpoint, is ineffectual. Otherwise, we look at a stage limited by the size of the screen, and so in no way commensurate with the glamour of the theatre. Even a few action shots of men riding fail to take us out of stage conventions.

WE are not impressed by the spectacle. But we can be highly entertained by the presence of Eddie Cantor, the American comedian who dominates the picture. He reminds me

very much in his methods of Leslie Henson, and has a personality that simply bubbles over with humour. He has appeared in silent pictures with little success; "Kid Boots" was one of the films in which he starred with inconspicuous success. Now in talkies we have got his full savour, and the screen scores by his presence. I found that I looked at the imbecilities of a plot, which involved the love affair of a Red Indian—who turned out to be white, of course—with a girl betrothed to a sheriff, with little enthusiasm. An enthusiasm that was not heightened by acrobatic dance numbers or sentimental songs sung conventionally by Eleanor Hart and Paul Gregory. I simply sat and waited for Eddie Cantor's reappearance. Some of his humour is distinctly near the knuckle, but like Marie Lloyd he can say things that in another's mouth would disgust rather than amuse.

IN this respect it is rather interesting to notice the licence the screen is getting. Many pictures I have seen lately have contained remarks that I feel sure would never have been permitted on the stage. Not only in dialogue, but also in the matter of situations.

THIS is emphasised by the late Milton Sills's last picture, which is now on at the Capitol, "The Sea Wolf," an adaptation of Jack London's story. Jack London's Nietzschian philosophy has disappeared, but all the brutality remains. It is, in fact, sadistic, a tendency for which is very noticeable in some American producers' work. The Censor has cut into some of it, as is clearly to be noted in the continuity, but even so I found that its general effect was revolting in its animalism.

THIS is all the more to be deplored, since Milton Sills died just recently and the final scene in the picture showed him as the famous sea captain, Wolf Larson, in a prolonged deathbed scene. These considerations aside, the screen does come into its own in such a picturisation, because it definitely departs from the stage producer's ideas, which are bounded by his knowledge of the theatre.

BUT in an English film, "The Middle Watch," shown the other day, I found that Norman Walker, who is not unknown to the silent screen, has very successfully combined a popular stage comedy with the scope of the camera.

THIS picture, too, introduces stage artists to the screen, such as Owen Nares and Frederick Volpe. I do not wish to disparage the players, but I do feel that in a case such as this the screen could have borrowed even more freely from the stage by using the entire cast whose team work made the stage play so successful. The outstanding acting in this most enjoyable film comes from Frederick Volpe as the Admiral, Reginald Purdell as a Corporal of Marines, and Henry Wenman as a sentry. L. C.

Sinclair Hill, whose talkie productions, "Dark Red Roses" and "Greek Street," have recently been seen in the West End, is now directing the first Stoll sound film, "Such Is The Law." He has persuaded Lady Tree to make her talkie debut in this film

Joe Brown and Sally O'Neil in an amusing scene in "Hold Everything," a Warner Bros. all-talking, all-singing and colour film now at the Dominion Theatre

Eddie Cantor listens while Pretty Poll (the parrot) tells him that she also wants to make Whoopee. A scene with Eddie Cantor and Eleanor Hunt in the Ziegfeld-Goldwyn production, "Whoopee," now at the Tivoli

'HOLD EVERYTHING.'

Joe E. Brown and Winnie Lightner in a series of comedy turns. They make the picture worth seeing at the Dominion.

PARIS GOSSIP

AVIATORS, ODES AND AUTHORS

By Sylvia Lyon

Illustrated by A. GALLAND

THE reception awarded by the City of Paris to Costes and Bellonte on their return to France was quite surprising: (1) the sun came out; (2) it went back, and the rain took its place; (3) there were no American flags on the façade of the Hotel de Ville, in contrast to the French flags displayed upon the aviators' arrival in New York; (4) after the usual speeches of welcome delivered by Jean de Castellane, M. Chiapp, the Prefect of Police, Laurent-Eynac, the Air Minister, the microphone announced a speech by—whom? Why, the Comtesse de Noailles.

BUT it wasn't a speech, of course, it was her poem written in honour of Costes' and Bellonte's successful flight. As the name of the "Comtesse Nationale" was broadcast, equally broad smiles spread over the faces of thousands of the populace, otherwise out to have a good time. It was indeed surprising to see a familiar smile on those faces, and I wondered what would happen physiognomically to an English crowd if a poem by Edith Sitwell were announced. The crowd needed its good humour as well as poetic appreciation. The Comtesse de Noailles' poem was much too lengthy.

Suddenly there was a long, loud blast from a boat on the Seine, drowning out at least two verses. The smiles increased. Then there were laughs, cheers, and whistles, but the long-eyed Comtesse de Noailles, née Princesse Anna Brancouan, who resembles so closely her sister, the late Princesse Hélène de Chimay, went bravely on.

"Not one of the books was written by Paul Morand"

NO wonder that, the poem over, the appearance of Costes, Bellonte and Tardieu on the red-velvet- and Gobelin-draped balcony brought forth what the French would call wild applause, but the Americans would call a mere rustle. A few people about me viva-ed Tardieu, although protesting that Costes is putting on airs now, trying to be a gentleman by wearing only the rosette of the Legion d'Honneur, while Bellonte proves to be a good mechanic and man of the people by proudly and naively wearing a great red sash around his neck.

TARDIEU is immensely popular, except in the Chamber of Deputies. Goodness knows what will happen at the opening of *parlement* on November 4. The deputies especially are a self-interested lot and will try to crush Tardieu at the height of his success. A conservative Frenchwoman told me, seriously and amiably, that the whole lot of deputies should be hanged in the Place de la Concorde. But I said that it would be too bad to twist out of shape so many beautiful becs de gaz.

Speaking of deputies, an American paper in Paris tritely announced that "M. Maurice de Rothschild, a French Deputy," had been robbed of several thousand francs during a night voyage by train.

ANOTHER interesting note quite innocently revealed the greatest gaffe of the week, a gaffe interesting to the literary, diplomatic and political world, and no surprise at all, considering its source. Paul Morand, while undertaking a "promenade Européene," visited Queen Marie of Roumania at her château by the Black Sea. On the Dowager Queen's table Morand was pleased to note her interest in French literature, the only books on display being "Vents de Sable," "Un des Beaumugnes," and "Les Nourritures Terrestres," not one of which was written by Morand!

THE rush of the week has been confusing, so confusing that I called out "Vendeuse" to a waiter at the Ritz, and "Garçon, l'addition" to my vendeuse. I hummed negro spirituals at Richard Strauss's concert at the Théâtre des Champs Elysées, and Salomé in the bar of the Bœuf, where a quartette of negroes, the Alabamians, sing nightly. The Alabamians used to be a band, but they have evidently lost all their instruments except a clarinet. No, truly, the effect is very pleasing. One man plays the piano, three sing, and one man quietly toots a low accompaniment on the clarinet. That makes five musicians; and maybe it isn't a clarinet, perhaps it's a tenor saxophone, but this is Paris, and who cares?

The Queen of Spain went to see "Le Sexe Faible" and the Infantas went to the Cirque Medrano, where there is a juggler, Rastelli by name, who is so marvellous that all Paris is rushing to see him. Tuesday is the most chic evening

(Continued on page 314)

"The French people's enthusiasm for cycling can be seen every day"

M.F.H : "Well, thanks, I will! There's nothing like a long day in the saddle to make one appreciate the good things of life, and this brandy of yours is uncommon good. What is it—'65'?"

Old Stager: "Pooh! That seems to be the only idea some of you young fellows have about a brandy—what the date is supposed to be. If you're buying hounds at Rugby, what do you look for? How they are bred, who bred 'em, and their points. Same thing with brandy. The name of the shipper shows the breeding of a brandy—its points speak for themselves. This is Martell's Cordon Bleu, 35 years old."

M.F.H.: "I see. By Age out of Quality, you mean."

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PARIS GOSSIP (continued from page 312)

"Richard Strauss's concert at the Théâtre des Champs Elysées"

to go, and Rastelli's influence on the minds of the people is so powerful that it is rather dangerous to invite one's friends to one's house at present.

WHAT with the show of art excavated from the Middle East now being held at the Orangerie in the Tuileries, the Horticultural Show in the Cours de la Reine, and the fruit and vegetable show in the Luxembourg, there is an exposition to suit every taste, mine frankly being for the last named. There is also a Cycle Show at the Grand Palais. It is difficult to believe the possibility of a cycle show in 1930, but the French people's enthusiasm for cycling can be seen every day. I have previously mentioned the intense joy male bicycle-riders get out of speeding along close to the curbing and gaily slapping every girl within reach, but the sport goes beyond that. The tricycles used to deliver small parcels are made by a firm called "Blotto Frères," and the way in which their conductors act shows that they live up to the name. The other day I saw two Blotto Brothers' disciples presenting a special performance of skill by doing intricate and hair-raising stunts in the middle of the elegant Avenue Gabriel. Majestically ignoring pedestrians and motor traffic, they blithely whirled and wheeled, on one, two, or three wheels, from the back entrance of the Presidential Palace to the front door of the Sporting Club, to say nothing of making hay out of Laurent's lawn and removing most of the twentieth-century antiquity from the ground floor of Robert de Rothschild's house.

"All Paris is rushing to Rastelli"

THE Duke of Leeds and the Earl and Countess of Donoughmore are in Paris; among the cinema stars we have Charlie Rogers and Mae Murray. Mae Murray (Princess Mdivani) says that she is no longer Mae Murray, but Princess Mdivani, absolutely retired actress, and devoted mother to her three-year-old son, whom she has left in Hollywood. . . Because of her son she requests that she be left in peace and given no publicity, so far be it from me to even mention her name.

A PERFECTLY gorgeous French edition of Sir Philip Sassoon's book "The Third Route" has just been brought out by Grasset. The translation and introduction have been done by the Princesse Marthe Bibesco.

A FEW years ago there was to be a costume ball of the Renaissance period. The late Comte Robert de Montesquieu intended to go in a costume copied from a famous painting of the epoch. The portrait, in order to be reproduced in all exactitude, called for antique jewels as accessories. Montesquieu, knowing that an acquaintance of his, a member of a Jewish banking family, had a splendid collection of Renaissance jewellery, wrote asking if he could borrow such and such a piece, similar to those worn by the subject of the portrait. By return he received not the desired jewels, but a few inferior and rather ugly examples, accompanied by a note from the owner saying they were all he could offer as the fine pieces, being family jewels, were locked up and inaccessible. So Montesquieu,

"The Horticultural Show in the Cours de la Reine"

who was a direct descendant of d'Artagnan, returned them with these few words, "Cher Monsieur, I know that you have jewels, but I did not know that you have a family."

I HEARD recently a very amusing story about the Princesse Lucien Murat. One day she went to her modiste's, and as she was in a hurry, expecting to leave Paris on the morrow, she asked that her hat be put in a box that she could carry home herself. She intended to walk, and leaving the shop a very well-dressed stranger offered to carry the parcel for her. The Princesse found the situation most amusing, and carried on a non-committal conversation with the stranger, who, of course, thought he had made a great success. However, on arriving before the Hôtel de Rohan she thanked the chivalrous unknown, and to his horror crushed him completely by handing him two francs for a tip!

S. L.

Planet News

Capt. Costes, the hero of the recent transatlantic flight, being chaired by admirers at Le Bourget on his return to France. He and his companion, Bellonte, were the first airmen to fly from Paris to New York

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Photos by Peter North

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Ski-ers enjoying a run on the snowfields near Davos. In the background is seen the Parsenn Ski Hut

WHY—HOW—WHERE—I GO WINTER SPORTING

By H. S. MANSEFIELD

"HULLO!" said our Pet Pessimist, accosting me at the Club some ten days ago, "I hear you're off winter-sporting again this Christmas. Why on earth you fellows can't stay at home and put up with the excellent time you can have in Town at half the cost—well, that defeats me. Do think of . . ." "My dear old Diogenes!" I interrupted, "your only notion of Christmas is to scatter two extra shovels of sawdust in your old barrel, stick a sprig of holly in the bung-hole on top, chalk up 'A Merry Christmas' on either side—then get inside again and wonder when the four inches of melting snow will permit all the neighbours' cats to come and sing you a hallelujah chorus by way of seasonal greetings. My good fellow, I go to the Alps because it's worth it—no more nor less. Where else can you find sunshine, splendid exercise, and indoor jollity as you do high up in the Alpine snow? Be a man and come out!"

"MY dear chap, I can't! Utterly imposs. when things are as bad as they are in the City. I can't go away as I can't afford to lose a single order. How can I pay for the trip to begin with, especially after a summer holiday? You and the rest of your snow-lunatics can't afford it either; that's my honest opinion."

"Leave the money out of it, you old unbeliever! Three years ago we had a month's motoring tour up North; last year we did the same away down West. Well, take my word for it, the Alps aren't as dear as they're painted, provided you don't play the ass. Travel according to your means—you sybarite! We've been saving—you spendthrift!" With that we parted, he unconvinced, I fortified in my winter convictions.

NOW let's look into this question. Why do I go out winter-sporting, even when things do look a bit queer in business? For many reasons. First, because I am passionately devoted to these forms of sport. Secondly, because I find they keep me young. They tell me I look as fit and young as a man of thirty-five; yet I am nearly fifty. That I attribute largely to the regular four weeks' ski-ing that I have never missed since the Armistice twelve years ago. Thirdly, because it gives me a change that I need just at the most trying time of the year. I know that I shall come back cured of pessimistic vapours and of doubts as to our capacity to face this or that crisis. That's why I go.

AT CHAMONIX

A corner of the popular Winter Sports centre. The big building which is seen in the background is the Savoy Palace Hotel

MISS DOREEN ELLIOTT I.B.

The Swiss Lady Ski-ing Champion for 1930, and winner of many contests. She has been appointed Captain of the British Ladies' Team in the International Ski Meeting to be held at Mürren in February next

THE magic of that Alpine snow has to be felt, to be seen, in order to be believed. Not the snow such as we know it in England, not even the snow near the Alpine hotels where we practise and tumble, but the uncut surface high up above the tree line. Who can ever forget those days when, with skin-clad ski, we go sliding one behind the other slowly through the razor-like keenness of the morning air—up and up, through the lower woods. The trees are draped with freshly fallen powder. Every now and then the sunbeam comes spearing through a clearing in the forest. The fir needles gleam. Then slowly we emerge into

Brunner

A view of Caux, which stands 3,458ft. above sea level. Curling, skating and bobbing are among the many attractions of this resort

Les Avants, an attractive Winter Sports centre above Montreux. It is a very popular ski-ing centre

the shimmering glory of the open snow. The sun grows in power. Slowly we reach the height whence the full majesty of the Alpine landscape unfolds itself. Lunch in the sun—warmth and bliss. Lastly there comes the unspeakable delight of the descent. Back to joyous humanity, comfort, bath, good food and fellowship. Next day it begins all over again. That's why I go.

To realise these dreams is not difficult. If you are a novice, go to Cook's, our old, faithful friend of glorious holidays; take his advice. Or else go to the Agency of the Federal Railways down Regent Street, where they really do know what the Swiss Alps can offer at their best. If you want to go to the Pyrenees or Chamonix, go to the P.L.M. Agency, also in Piccadilly. They are a particularly efficient lot. As for books that tell you how to do it; get General Wroughton's Winter Sports Annual for 1930. The best shillingsworth to be had nowadays; it tells you all about everywhere that counts in the winter sport world.

Osk Hari

Visitors engaged in a curling match on one of the rinks at Kandersteg. This is one of the most popular Winter Sports centres in the Bernese Oberland

Now there remains to be settled the question of *where* to go. To choose a winter sport resort is much like selecting a new motor car. Going through the tempting leaflets issued by all these places arouses sensations akin to the Motor Show. "How happy I could be at X if it were not for thoughts of A, B, C and all the rest of them!" Still, most people can only visit one spot in the course of a winter, and so a choice must perforce be made. It does not pay to change from one place to another during a short holiday. How are we going to set about the selection?

Let us first think of what it is that we really require for our holiday. Are we going to specialise in ski-ing, skating, or curling? If so, this may limit our choice. Or do we propose to go and "do something of everything"? In the latter event the field of choice broadens instantly. Then consider the time of our holiday, also the expense of travel to our selected spot. Is there room there? Shall we get in at the X at a reasonable figure, or at such figure as we can afford?

Sport and General

A merry party on the rink at Arosa, where a diversity of attraction is to be found. Ski-ing, bobsleighing, curling, skating and ice-hockey are all popular here

There exists a considerable range of accommodation from which to choose. From the Grand Hotel Poche, or the Kresushof, at one end of the scale, down to the Hiker's "Auberge," or the Wirtshaus zum Fraust, you can find a wide field, according to your means. But in a matter which depends so much on personal taste it is impossible to advise very much farther.

Well, never mind! Anyway, think out which of the principal winter sport districts you propose to select for your ski-ing. Let us consider them in this light. The chief winter sport areas are: (1) The Pyrenees; (2) the French Alps; (3) the Swiss Western Alps; (4) the Swiss Eastern Alps; (5) the Austrian Alps; (6) Norway. In addition, there is quite good winter sport in the Italian Alps, in the Carpathians. Sometimes ski-ing can be really first-class in the Vosges. Let us not forget that we ought every year to reckon on a few excellent days' ski-ing in the Peak District of Derbyshire and—still many more such days—in North-Eastern Scotland. That, however, may only appeal to those who have to stay at home. We will leave this question out of account and think of the Continental.

(1) **The Pyrenees.**—These mountains may seem far distant and somewhat far south on the map, but they have solid advantages from the winter sport point of view. The expenses need be no more than those incurred elsewhere. In the Pyrenees there are only two winter resorts, but each of these has a first-class hotel of the most modern type.

Font Romeu (5,851 feet) possesses a single hotel. There is a large skating rink, a good bob run, and some most satisfactory ski-ing. The season runs to the end of February. From the highest summits which the ski-runner can reach (over 9,000 feet), a sight of the blue Mediterranean waters can be obtained. English visitors are beginning to go there.

Luchon Superbagnères (5,900 feet) also possesses one large modern hotel. There is a very large

(Continued on page 320)

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Opposite Tattersalls.

A general view of Sils, the holiday resort in the Engadine, which stands 5,945 ft. above sea level. Ski-ing, skating, ice-hockey and tobogganning are among its attractions

skating rink, one bob run, and one toboggan run. The ski-ing can be either easy or difficult. A small electric railway is open in winter for the use of tobogganners and ski-ers. The country is mostly wooded round Superbagnères, but there is much open ground that offers good ski-ing. The longer tours run to an altitude of 8,000 feet.

(2) **The French Alps.**—Winter sport in the French Alps is mostly confined to Chamonix and the adjacent districts of Savoy. At *Chamonix* (3,420 feet) itself the skating rink is probably as important as any in the world. During the season many important skating, ice hockey, and curling events are held. There is also a fine bob run. Ski-ing ground exists round Chamonix, but the best terrain is reached by train either at the Col de Voza or at the delightfully situated *Argentière* (4,100 feet), where ski tours can be made either easy or difficult as desired. A feature of this district is the possibility of doing fine mountain ski-ing over some of the higher passes in the Mt. Blanc range. But ski-ing terrain, equal to any in the Swiss Alps, is to be found at *Megève* (3,000 feet), situated above Sallanches, on the main line to Chamonix. The slopes are here mostly smooth and free from rocks, offering some very attractive descents. Many ski-ers who go to Megève have returned with glowing accounts of the variety of tours that are to be found there.

(3) **The Western Swiss Alps.**—In Western Switzerland there exist three clearly defined areas where winter sport in all its forms can be practised to perfection. Western Switzerland is, of course, of very easy access from London, while the selection of hotels which it offers is endless both as to situation and price.

(a) *The Jura.*—Here is a district which is unreservedly regarded in many quarters as snowless and inadequate in its sporting resources. No greater mistake could be made, for the Jura resorts, principally at Les Rasses (3,900 feet), are delightful places offering very pleasant ski-ing, while they are most suitable for beginners and children.

(b) *The French Alpine Resorts.*—Here we find a wide range of winter sport centres. There is

A demonstration by a skating expert on the rink at Flims, where all sorts of sports are available

Villars (4,120 feet), which can rival any of the most brilliant of holiday resorts, and is frequented by the Society of several countries. The skating rink is justly renowned, while the mountain railway to Bretaye is of great value to ski-ers. *Caux* (3,630 feet) ranks as another admirably run hotel of the palace type, but reasonable prices with good skating, bobbing, and some ski-ing. The sunshine and view are superb. *Les Avants* (3,260 feet) stands on that very efficient little line, the M.O.B., and has good facilities for ski-ing and bobbing. It is so near to Montreux as to be virtually a sort of suburb of that resort. Besides these resorts there are other places in French Switzerland where good ski-ing can be had; many of these can be reached by train for the day only.

(c) *The Bernese Oberland.*—It would be easy to wax enthusiastic over the qualities of the Bernese Oberland as a winter sport district of the highest rank. The Oberland resorts have now been so long established and so carefully developed that everything is conducted for the benefit of the visitor in admirable fashion. *Grindelwald* (3,450 feet) has been famous for its ice-rinks since the first days of Alpine sport. The ski-ing in this district is also of the first class. Hotels are numerous and efficient. The mountain railways are a wonderful help to the ski-er and bobbing devotee. *Adelboden* (4,450 feet) stands not a whit behind its rival in most respects. If there are not the train facilities which Grindelwald possesses, Adelboden can boast of a variety of ski-runs which are equal in quality to any in the Oberland. The beauty of its scenery will appeal to all who have ever set foot there to such an extent that they will always wish to return and taste again of the delights to be found.

A curling match on the rink at Font-Romeu, in the Pyrenees, which is growing steadily more popular with British visitors

SKI-ING EN FAMILLE

A family party setting out for a morning's sport on the snow fields at Mont d'Arbois, near Megève, where the ski-ing facilities are excellent

But besides these places the Oberland possesses such well-known winter sport centres as *Gstaad* (3,900 feet), *Lenk* (3,600 feet), the admirably situated *Saanenmöser* (4,200 feet), that little-known but beautiful spot, *Griesalp* (5,000 feet.). And to this list one can add that veritable nursery and academy of British ski-ing, *Mürren* (5,400 feet). No ski-runner who aspires to acquire style and speed adequate to enter in any serious competition can scarcely hope to compete in such events with any certainty of success unless he has spent a few weeks at Mürren, where ski-ing instruction has become a veritable art, and where

(Continued on page 322)

A Hartnell gown and coat specially designed for Miss Gertrude Lawrence

the would-be speed merchant can watch other experts at work. And what applies to Mürren might apply in like measure to *Wengen* and the *Little Scheidegg*, with which Wengen is connected by railway. The two places are virtually one. Lastly, there is *Kandersteg*, which has the advantage of standing on the main railway line.

Besides these advantages, the scenery of the Oberland and the quality of its snow will fascinate even those who have wandered far and wide over the snow-covered mountains of Europe.

(4) **The Eastern Swiss Alps.**—Although the Eastern Alps lack, to a certain extent, the intimate charm of the Oberland, they atone for this deficiency in other respects. Being more to the eastward of the main Alpine zone liable to the fell influence of the *fœhn*, the snow may be more constant in its quality. Most of the Eastern resorts lie slightly higher, consequently they are sometimes a trifle colder. Yet it must not be imagined that they enjoy a greater snowfall than the Oberland. At the climax of the winter, during January-February that is to say, the Engadine is, generally speaking, not much "safer" for snow, except with respect to blasts of *fœhn*, than the Oberland. But it is true to state that in the eastern Alps the winter starts earlier and lasts longer, also that the greater average altitude plays an important part in bringing down the thermometer before and at Christmas, as well as in late February, than farther west.

Let us, however, consider the eastern Swiss resorts individually.

Among these assuredly the most celebrated of all winter sport centres is *St. Moritz* (6,000 feet), about whose merits it would be idle to speak. Yet from the sporting point of view there is little, if anything, to choose between it and the neighbouring centres, *Pontresina, Maloja, Celerina*, and *Sils Maria*. In fact, these places might be grouped together as a single sporting district, though each presents features that divides it from the rest. *Celerina* (5,900 feet) stands near the foot of the celebrated Cresta toboggan ice-run. *Pontresina* (5,930 feet) lies close to the giant Bernina glaciers. *Sils Maria* (6,050 feet) lies beautifully placed by the lake of its own name. Each of these places is lavishly equipped for winter sport of every class. The winter climate of this district is justly renowned; the sunshine is brilliant throughout the winter.

Yet, when we name such admirable centres, one is really doing an injustice to such places as *Arosa* (6,100 feet), *Davos* (5,250 feet), with its satellite, *Klosters* (3,950 feet), and *Lenzerheide* (4,780 feet) by not classing them somewhere on the same plane with St. Moritz and the rest. Who would not gladly return to Arosa, so beautifully situated in the sun-bathed amphitheatre of snow around its lake? Arosa, with its ski-ing that starts above the tree level! And Davos, with its endless repertoire of first-class ski tours, its immense skating rink, and admirable bob run. Neither can any visitor who has once been to Lenzerheide ever forget that charming spot. Still farther away there is *Flims* (3,700 feet), all too little known as yet, but capable of forming an excellent centre for some of the best of ski tours, all starting from some excellent hotels. Lastly, there is *Splügen* (4,800 feet), now blossoming out as a "new" resort.

The eastern Alps are well served by railway, by autocar, and by sleigh, so that their greater distance from London need form no hindrance to the more timid traveller.

A bird's-eye view of Argentière, in the French Alps. Standing at an altitude of 4,100 ft., it is a popular ski-ing resort

A photograph taken at Les Rasses, one of the most popular Winter Sports resorts in the Jura

Other Swiss Resorts.—These lists do not include Swiss resorts lying outside these main sporting areas. In Central Switzerland there is *Engelberg* (3,400 feet), with its funicular line rising to over 6,000 feet altitude. The toboggan runs are long, and offer first-class sport. There are several ice-rinks, where excellent instruction is obtainable and important curling matches are played. *Andermatt* (4,800 feet) and *Hospenthal* jointly form another resort where all winter sports are well catered for. The Furka Railway, open in winter, links these places with the Realp, where admirable ski-ing is to be found.

In addition there are other places throughout the Swiss Alps which it is not possible to mention in this rapid survey except by name. *Bergün* (4,500 feet), *Diablerets* (3,800 feet), *Leukerbad* (4,600 feet), are but a few. Then there is *Montana-Crars* (5,000 feet), above Sierre, renowned for its wonderful sunshine, while *Grimmialp* (4,100 feet), should appeal to those who prefer a "one-hotel" resort. And this does not conclude the list.

(5) **The Austrian Alps.**—The Tyrol possesses many places where snow and frost render winter sport as good as at any Swiss resort. Lying farther eastward than the Swiss Alps, the Austrian Alps are slightly colder. On the other hand, several of these Tyrolese resorts lie somewhat lower, so that this advantage of geographical situation is not so marked as it might otherwise be.

The principal resorts lie widely distant from each other. These are:—

St. Anton (4,270 feet), a fine ski-ing centre, as well as being the home of the redoubtable Hannes Schneider, where he has established a school of ski-ing in the "Arlberg" style, which is efficiently managed on the lines of a large drapery store! Above St. Anton lies St. Christof, where ski-ing goes on throughout April. The district offers many fine tours.

Kitzbühel (2,600 feet).—This is a centre which is thoroughly well adapted for all kinds of winter sport, and, although lying low, is a "safe" spot for snow and ice. It offers a fine variety of ski tours, while a cable railway will take ski-runners well up through the lower woods, a great advantage to a place lying none too high. It may be regarded as the premier winter resort of Austria.

(Continued on page 324)

On the bob run at Luchon, Superbagnères, in the Pyrenees, which is rapidly growing in popularity as a Winter Sports centre

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WHY—HOW—WHERE—I GO WINTER SPORTING (continued from page 322)

Winter sports enthusiasts enjoying an al fresco lunch at Engelberg, one of the most popular resorts in Central Switzerland

Zell am See (2,500 feet) is well spoken of as a ski-ing resort from which several good tours are made. A cable railway now cuts out the tedious walk uphill through the trees.

Zürs (5,800 feet) is a more recent discovery. The ski-ing is fine; it resembles the St. Anton country. A new hotel of the latest pattern is being opened. Care is needed in the district, as there are some avalanche slopes in this neighbourhood.

This list does not exhaust the possible ski-ing centres in Austria, but it must be borne in mind that the smaller and lesser-known resorts only cater for the ski-runner of not too exacting tastes.

SKI-ING BY TRAIN.—Several ski-ing resorts now advertise some mountain railway or another for use of ski-runners. Many cable or rack railways have now been built solely for their use. The best of these railways exist at Chamonix, Villars, Wengen, Grindelwald, St. Moritz, Pontresina, Engelberg, Kitzbühel, Zellam See. One has to remember that a frequent use of these little lines may render a holiday more expensive. But where railways can be used for a more normal journey in order to extend the skier's radius of action, this objection no longer holds good. Such a district as the Gstaad-Saanenmöser-Zweisimmen is transformed if the railway is sensibly used. Davos enjoys similar facilities. In these cases it becomes possible to stay at a less popular and less expensive resort, whilst reaching the favourite ski-ing fields with the help of the train. For all those who care to return to the same district year after year such facilities are particularly tempting, since a far greater variety of tours is possible and so the terrain never becomes stale.

A picturesque corner in Zell am See, a popular ski-ing resort in the Austrian Alps

As to kit, ski and boots are a real necessity to a tyro. But, particularly if the winter sportsman is uncertain whether he means to go on with the sport another year, I would recommend the purchase of a cheap pair of boots and gloves alone, and to use ski hired in the Alps. It is perfectly true that there are hundreds of poor or worn pairs of ski to be seen for hire in the mountain sports-shops. But equally there can be found many pairs quite good enough to see one through a first season's real ski-ing. But to discover such a decent pair of hired ski it is necessary to go out to the Alps really early so as to get the pick of the shops and take an impartial opinion from an expert friend to make sure that ski and bindings are right.

Ski-heil to all of you who go to the snow!

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FLYING NOTES

"A NEW MODEL AIR SALOON"

The Fairey seaplane with Napier engine which was flown to Athens recently by Capt. C. R. McMullin, where its performance secured an order valued at £200,000 in the face of severe foreign competition

Miss Winifred Spooner, the well-known British airwoman, who has taken delivery of a Mark II Desoutter Sports Coupé. It has a speed of 125 m.p.h and a cabin which, for luxury, compares well with the best saloon cars

By Capt. C. E. Ward

The Desoutter

THE Mark II version of the Desoutter shows a considerable advance on the original model. The passenger seats are side by side, and it is possible to converse easily as well as to smoke in the cabin. An inverted Gipsy III engine is fitted which increases the top speed to 125 miles an hour, the landing speed being unaltered at 45 to 50. With an absolute ceiling of 20,000 feet and a range of 500 miles in still air, this machine is an attractive proposition for the private owner, the price being £985 complete with C. of A. and registration, coming down to £875 for other models. The Desoutter has distinguished itself as an air taxi in England and on the Continent; in addition it has at least one long distance flight to its credit, that of Flying Officers Piper and Kay to Australia when they used a Hermes engine and started with an overload of 200 lbs. Desoutter machines are in use in all the Dominions and Colonies, in the Argentine and in many countries of Europe. The Mark II model made the fastest time in the Concours de Grande Vitesse at Antwerp recently and secured a prize for aerobatics in spite of competing as a cabin type machine against sports models. Dr. Eckener and Captain von Schiller, of the Zeppelin organisation, used a Desoutter taxi for a trip to the Continent last month and expressed themselves as delighted with the machine. Miss Spooner has bought one of the latest models for the commercial work on which she is engaged.

Coming Events

THERE is to be a ball at the Hyde Park Hotel to-morrow night from ten till three, in aid of the Ex-Services Welfare Society, which assists men from the Royal Air Force in addition to those of the Army and Navy. Supper will be served at 11.30 and at 12.30, the Clifford Essex Band being in attendance, reinforced at 1.15 a.m. by the Royal Hawaiian Band from Honolulu and the Café Anglais. On Friday, November 7, the Northamptonshire Club is holding its annual dance, inspired by Gubertini and his Savoy Hotel Band. Happy recollections of previous dances held by the Club lead me to believe that the evening will be a cheery one, but a telephone call to Northampton 415 is advisable to secure tickets. The President of the Club is the Rt. Hon. Earl Spencer. Sir Alan Cobham, one of the founder members of the People's Theatre, has arranged an original scheme for securing the last 5,000 members required. Membership costs only half-a-crown, and every subscriber who enrols 100 members or more before November 20 will receive a flight at Hanworth Park, but in the case of the first four there are to be flights to Paris and Rotterdam, a trip over London and one to Windsor Castle. All particulars can be obtained from Miss Nancy Price at 10 Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.2.

At Random

"THE ROAD TO ENDOR," a new edition of which has been published by John Lane, tells of the remarkable adventures of two prisoners of war in Turkey, one of whom was Fl.-Lt. Hill, much in the public eye of late owing to his sporting attempt to lower the Australian flight record in one of the earliest types of Gipsy Moth. Another tale of adventure behind the enemy lines, "Missing," by Talbot Baines Bruce, is thrilling from start to finish. A little co-operation with Edgar Wallace might have resulted in a best-seller, but even as a plain unvarnished tale it is well worth reading, and it would make an excellent film. Those who read extracts from the log of Mr. F. C. Chichester's flight to Australia in *The Telegraph* will recall his breezy style and the interest of the narrative. His book "Solo to Sydney," published by John Hamilton, is a joy; it certainly brings Mark Twain up to date. Anyone contemplating a long-distance flight must read it in advance. I have heard about several ambitious projects for making a fortune out of aviation recently, but I can assure would-be investors that the profit anticipated will never get beyond its present position on paper. Aviation, like every other business, requires plenty of working capital to back a good scheme prepared by experts, and it would be a pity if the market were spoiled for all the sound concerns operating at present by the share-pusher who has been attracted by the prospect of easy money.

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Winter Sports — strenuous — exhilarating — temporary life in a rarefied atmosphere—snow —brilliant sunshine—winds—how trying for the complexion! How to keep the skin soft, smooth and supple, free from blemish and young-looking is something of a problem for those uninitiated in the artifice of women famed throughout the country for their almost perpetual beauty.

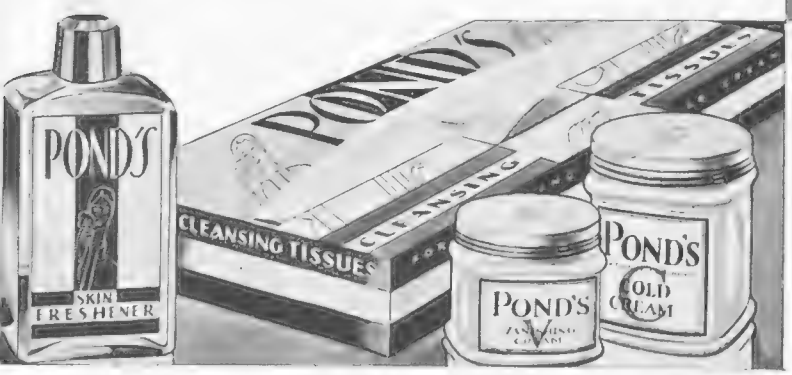
Whatever the weather conditions, Pond's Complete Method of Skin Care will afford your complexion adequate protection. The four steps that comprise this treatment are indeed all that is necessary to cleanse the skin of all impurities, to invigorate and tone-up flagging tissues, to ward off blemishes, redness and roughness and to feed the skin, keeping it delightfully peach-like, "young" and fine of texture.

Cold Cream
Smooth the *Pond's Cold Cream* on the skin of face, neck, and hands, and let its pure oils sink deep into the pores, softening and floating to the surface the tiny accumulations of impurity which gather beyond the reach of soap and water.

Cleansing Tissues
Wipe away the soiled cream with *Pond's Cleansing Tissues*—soft as gossamer, and far more convenient, absorbent, and economical than ordinary face-towels; simply discard them after use.

Skin Freshener
A brisk splashing with *Pond's Skin Freshener* closes the pores, tones up the skin, and removes the last traces of oiliness. No careful toilet is complete without this gloriously exhilarating preparation.

Vanishing Cream
The final touch of *Pond's Vanishing Cream* gives the skin a beautiful surface to which the powder clings evenly and lastingly.



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Please send me a dainty box containing samples of *Pond's Cold Cream, Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener* and *Vanishing Cream*, for which I enclose Postal Order or stamps for 6d.

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Post to POND'S EXTRACT CO. (Dept. 104), 103 St. John St., London, E.C. 1.

Fashions Fancies

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photograph* *By Lenare*

WINTER SPORTS AMID SUNSHINE AND SNOW

Sports enthusiasts are always very particular about their clothes, for they know that efficiency and comfort are closely allied. These two Burberry ski-ing suits are the outcome of many years of practical experience. Wind-proof, snow-resisting, with easily adjusted fastenings through which no moisture can penetrate, the one on the left is made of Retniw, and Burella is used for the second suit. Interesting mannequin parades will be held in their Haymarket salons from November 17 to 21, when everything appertaining to sport on snow or ice will be shown

SKI-ING AND SKATING SUITS

Dark Colours for Ski-running: Bright Hues on the Rinks

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photographs by Lenare.*

Here is a copy of a Jane Regny model in black gabardine. The short double breasted jacket strikes a new note. It is lined throughout, and has two deep pockets. The plus four trousers are also interesting, for they combine practicability with smartness, and are seen everywhere this year. The complete outfit comes from the Army and Navy Stores

Soft tweed, woven in a brown, white, and yellow plaid design, is used for the sunray pleated skirt of this skating suit, with its beautifully cut marl stockinette coat fastened by a link button. It comes from Marshall and Snelgrove, and is complemented by a scalloped white wool crêpe blouse, which may be worn open or closed, and a close-fitting brown chenille beret

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CLOTHES FOR AN ALPINE HOLIDAY

By OLIVE CALEY SMITH

This very becoming stitched velvet toque is made in a number of lovely colours, and comes from Woollands. A small bow holds in place the soft folds at the back

As a finishing touch to sports suits or tweed coats, Woollands suggest this delightful cap of draped chenille. It follows the fashionable off-the-forehead vogue

Winter Sports Enthusiasts

THERE is no mental tonic that can equal the carefree influence of a holiday devoted to winter sports; and there is nothing to rival the feeling of physical exhilaration induced by the invigorating air, the brilliant sunshine, and the thrilling adventures on skis, luges, and skates. For a brief space all cares are thrown to the wind, and everybody enjoys each passing hour with child-like zest. Every year more and more people leave for the famous Alpine resorts, and always among them there is a certain proportion who are paying their first visit, and who are beset by qualms about their ability, the rules of etiquette that govern the conduct of beginners, and about their kit. Usually most of all about their kit!

Serviceable Ski-ing Suits

ALL sports clothes are governed by the purpose for which they are designed—which means that, above all things, they must be practical, providing just that degree of warmth or coolness which is essential, and allowing unrestricted movement. Ski-ing suits must be made of a material to which the snow will not stick and through which the wind cannot penetrate, for it should be borne in mind that woollen sweaters, however thick, will not be of any use unless they are worn beneath a wind-proof covering. The newest suits consist of long, full trousers with a fall-over at the ankle, and double- or single-breasted coats worn over wool jerseys. Breeches have lost their popularity because they cause knee restriction, but they are occasionally used for luge-ing or tobogganing.

Novelties and Accessories

SHORT coats, worn over proofed gabardine tuck-in blouses which have deep woollen hip bands, are one of the season's novelties, and the newest colours are dark bottle green, raven's wing blue, and black. Horse-hide ski-ing gloves are excellent, or an alternative is provided by gabardine mitts with cape palms. Peaked caps, either with or without ear flaps, are usually worn, because they afford the eyes some protection, but some people prefer close-fitting brimmed hats. The Norwegian ski-ing cap, which has ear flaps and a special vizier to minimise the effect of sun glare, is eminently satisfactory. It is as well to take goggles, several pairs of fancy-topped stockings, and one or two bright scarves, for these set off one's kit and introduce a touch of variety. A properly made ski boot is an absolute necessity, but skis can be hired out there for the first season, though if one proposes to return regularly it is better to buy in England a really first-class pair of Norwegian skis.

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photographs* *By Lenare*

A loosely woven beige and brown Scotch tweed coat which would be ideal for travelling. It comes from Woollands, and has two useful pockets and a leather-trimmed belt. The wardrobe trunk, which is little larger than a full-sized suit case, the neat shoe case, which has divisions for eight pairs of shoes, the shagreen fitted dressing case, and the passport handbag all come from Debenham & Freebody's Distinctive Luggage Department at 40, Wigmore Street

On the Rinks

HEAVY clothing is entirely unnecessary for skating, as the sun shines brilliantly and the exercise makes one gloriously warm. Flared or pleated skirts made of a proofed fabric are ideal, and gay blouses or woollie sets complete the scheme, jumpers, berets and gloves matching. Sleeveless pull-overs or cardigans are sometimes seen, worn over plain or checked silk blouses, and fine suède coats with a zip fastener down the centre have many adherents. Ice carnivals are tremendously popular, and at least one good fancy dress is needed. It should be chosen in a style that will not interfere with one's activities, and it may perhaps be well to remember that excellent prizes are awarded for the best costumes. One final note—travel in a warm and comfortable coat, take several evening frocks, and don't forget to pack a liberal supply of face cream and a good eye lotion.

A Confident Invitation

Let a man come prepared to criticise without compunction what the "New Tailoring" has to offer him. Let his own exacting standards be the criterion by which he assesses the value, quality, style and fit of "New Tailoring" dress clothes. Let him compare the speed and certainty of choosing clothes instead of cloth with the delay and possible disappointment of the older methods. Finally, let him be pleasantly aware while doing all this, that, until he signifies unreserved approval, the question of purchase will not arise.

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE

"SEX AND SEA-SERPENTS" — By Ralph Straus

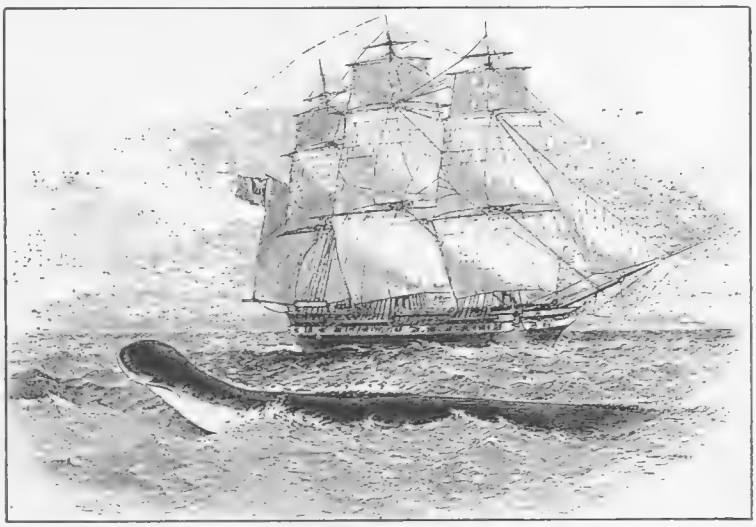
"THE first edition of this book consists of two thousand numbered copies." You do not often find these words in a first novel, but you will find them in *Gay Agony* (Cape: 7*s.* 6*d.*). A collector's piece, as they say? Most probably. For the author is H. A. Manhood, who two years ago wrote *Nightseed*. That collection of short stories did not sell in its thousands, but it introduced to the world a new writer of parts, and his first novel is something well out of the ordinary.

IT will probably be attacked, possibly quite furiously attacked. The Puritans will pretend to be disgusted. All this sex-stuff. . . . But what is sex? I should prefer to ask: what isn't? *Gay Agony* is the story of a young man who "desires" an attractive widow who keeps a village inn by the sea. She is also "desired" by a bullying fellow who has married another woman "for spite." The young man succeeds in his object, but is bitterly disappointed. The bully is punished in a very terrible way. A grimmish drama, then, of lust and revenge. But Mr. Manhood is a master of words; he tells his story in the most beautiful way. I rarely want to read every word in a book, but not a sentence in *Gay Agony* must be missed. Every portrait, too, is startlingly real. It is as though you, yourself, had come to the village of Seahouses, and watched the sheik-like Shaphan, and admired Drusilla at the Inn, and suffered with young Micah, who had come to superintend the erection of new sluice-gates.

TOO much sex? But there is no dirt in this book. These things happen, even the ghastly revenge which Shaphan's wife takes. It may be primitive, but it reads like the truth. And what a pleasure to find a man making proper use of the language! Mr. Manhood, with a vocabulary much larger than is generally used, writes the loveliest prose. Not everybody's book, perhaps, but certainly a collector's piece; certainly, too, one of the most distinguished novels of the year.

THERE is another story which the Puritans will not like at all. This is *Claudine at School* (Gollancz: 7*s.* 6*d.*), one of the earlier novels by Colette written in conjunction with her first husband. It is a wickedly amusing picture of life in a French provincial girls' school some twenty-five years ago. Claudine herself is lucky enough to possess both beauty and wit, and she takes the fullest advantage of the fact. And for a girl of sixteen she is singularly adult. Matters, too, are never minced in her diary. Passionate friendships play their part in her story as well as more ordinary flirtations. She is a bit of a tom-boy on occasions, but generally a very feminine creature.

I CAN sympathise with her teachers, even if they do not always behave in the wisest way. Claudine would have disorganised most classes. In England, I imagine, she would have been speedily "sacked"; but in France—well, they have their own way of doing things, and a very entertaining way it is, if we are to believe Colette. The translation is sprightly, and its occasional Americanisms can be forgiven. I found the whole picture diverting and its little improprieties charming, and look forward to Claudine's further adventures in the world outside.



THE "DÆDALUS" SEA-SERPENT

One of the many illustrations in the entertaining book, "The Case for the Sea-Serpent," by R. T. Gould. It is published by Philip Allan at 12s. 6d.

FROM sex to the serpent is a natural transition, even if the serpent be of the marine variety and not wholly authentic. Many people who have never troubled to examine the evidence in favour of its existence are accustomed to think of the sea-serpent as a creature belonging solely to the "silly season," and it is interesting to find Lieut.-Commander R. T. Gould in his *Case for the Sea-Serpent* (Philip Allan: 12*s.* 6*d.*) giving a most rational explanation of that fact. The sea-serpent, he admits, generally has been seen at moments when the newspapers are hard up for news, i.e., in holiday time; but that is because August is a particularly warm month, when the beast is forced out of its usual waters and takes a peep at the sun.

FOR myself, I remain agnostic, but I am bound to say that Lieut.-Commander Gould marshals his facts in the cleverest possible way. People who have every right to be believed have constantly sworn that they *did* see a remarkable monster which was neither whale nor squid, or any known brute. They have sworn that it moved through the water like a snake, with a head well out of the sea and a body anything up to sixty feet in length. And it was not a huge lump of seaweed, or a moving island, or the result of an extra good dinner Then why, you say, has nobody ever found its dead body? Why is it seen only once or twice in a dozen years? Well, I can quite understand that a number of good people who believe that they have seen the sea-serpent have no desire at all to run the risk of being laughed at, and, as Lieut.-Commander Gould shows, there is no reason to suppose that the dead body of a sea-serpent should *float*.

BUT it hardly matters whether you believe in the beast or not. The evidence for or against its existence is equally interesting, and those who read *Oddities* and *Enigmas* will know that their author is capable of being most entertaining, no matter what his subject may happen to be. He himself really does believe in the sea-serpent, and if there is anybody writing to-day capable of obtaining converts, he is the man to do so. His book, with its wealth of illustrations, will surely remain the last word on the subject, unless and until somebody lands the genuine article and gets it safely to the Zoo, or, if defunct, to South Kensington.

BOOKS RECEIVED

YOU CAN SING. By Clara Novello Davies. (Selwyn Blount: 6s.)
MEN, MARRIAGE AND ME. By Peggy Hopkins Joyce. (G. Bles: 7s. 6d.)
THE BRITISH EMPIRE. By D. C. Somervell. (Christophers: 12s. 6d.)
MESSALINA. By H. Stadelman. (Routledge: 15s.)
MOTHER-IN-LAW INDIA. By Donald Sinderby. (Marriott: 7s. 6d.)
LACEMAKER LEKHOLM HAS AN IDEA. By Gustaf Hellstrom. (Allen and Unwin: 7s. 6d.)
ANOTHER NIGHT, ANOTHER DAY. By D. F. Gardiner. Constable: 7s. 6d.)
THE JAGGED RIM. By Simon Dare. (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.)
THE LIGHTHOUSE MYSTERY. By Gordon Volk. (Skellington: 7s. 6d.)
THE LIFE OF RABELAIS. By Jean Plattard. (Routledge: 15s.)
NISA. By Edith Young. (Dent: 7s. 6d.)
A WOMAN WITH WHITE EYES. By Mary Borden. (Heinemann: 7s. 6d.)
CAFE NOIR. By J. P. Gibbs. (Collins: 7s. 6d.)
THE ATLANTIC FERRY. By F. Reid Corson. (Sampson Low: 12s. 6d.)
THE MAGIC MAKERS. By Alan Sullivan. (Murray: 7s. 6d.)

"THE MARRIAGE WILL NOT TAKE PLACE" (continued from page 309)

to-morrow about five? Absolutely without prejudice, of course?"

"No thank you, Derek." The tone was mischievously mocking. "There's no hope. I'll walk down."

A trifle moodily Derek strolled over and rang the bell, as the slam of the outer door told him the girl had gone.

"Johnson," he said, when that functionary appeared, "don't put out my dress clothes to-night. I shall stay in this evening."

"There is no dinner ordered, sir."

"I shan't want dinner. I have had a severe shock, Johnson. I am not going to be married."

"Will you allow me, sir, to offer you my congratulations?"

"Damn you!" broke out Derek, almost angrily; "can't you see I'm heartbroken?"

"I think you are a little upset for the moment, sir," replied Johnson, gently, but firmly. "But it will soon pass off. It always does, sir, if you remember."

"Don't be insolent, Johnson!" Derek cogitated a moment. "Do you know of anything that could have got on Miss Carlyle's nerves? Anything she—saw lying about, for instance?"

"You know, sir, that I take the greatest care that nothing shall jar upon your visitors."

"You are very good, Johnson," Derek admitted, turning towards the bedroom door. "I think I'll dress after all. Are my clothes laid out?"

"Not yet, sir." Without any apparent hurry, Johnson got between Derek and the bedroom. "Shall I put them out for you while you take a turn in the open air?"

"Nonsense, Johnson," Derek rebuked him, making his way inexorably to the bedroom. "I can bear a shock of this kind without open air." Johnson, perforce, fell back. "I can't think what can have upset Miss Carlyle."

"I did!" The bedroom door was flung open, and there stood Cleo. "And I hope you'll thank me properly."

Derek stood perfectly still. Then he politely indicated a chair. "Will you please come in and explain yourself?" he remarked coldly. "Johnson," he went on, "why did you admit Miss Holmes?"

"I pushed past him." Cleo came to the rescue.

"Although that is literally true," observed Johnson, "I think it only fair to say that my own opinion entirely coincided with Miss Holmes's. As I think you know, sir."

"If you go on preventing my getting married, Johnson, we shall have to part."

"So we shall, sir, if I don't."

"You couldn't lose Johnson," broke in Cleo; "he's part of your make-up, dear."

Derek turned on her. "Don't call me 'dear'," he told her harshly. He looked at her. "What am I to say to you?" he proceeded ominously.

"Do you not think, sir," came Johnson's easy tones, "that if you were to ask Miss Holmes to accompany you to dinner, and talk the whole matter over, you would find the evening pass pleasantly?"

Cleo moved over to the telephone. "Johnson, you are a genius!" she observed. And then, to Derek: "Shall we go to the Berkeley?"

"Look here!" protested Derek with some violence, "do you think I'm going to have my life managed by you two?"

"Gerrard 4321," replied Cleo down the telephone.

Johnson moved over towards the bedroom. "You'll wear that new dress suit, sir?" he ventured.

Turning suddenly, Derek strode to the bedroom door. "I'll get my own damned clothes out," he savagely observed. And, going through, he banged the door behind him.

"Very good, sir," murmured Johnson to the bang.

Cleo, raising her eyes to Johnson's with a slow smile, gave him a joyous wink, turning almost at the same moment to say to the person now at the other end of the telephone: "Is that The Berkeley? Will you please reserve a table for Mr. Derek Lane. . . ? Yes, eight o'clock. . . . The one he usually has. . . . By the window. . . ."

E. C.-W.

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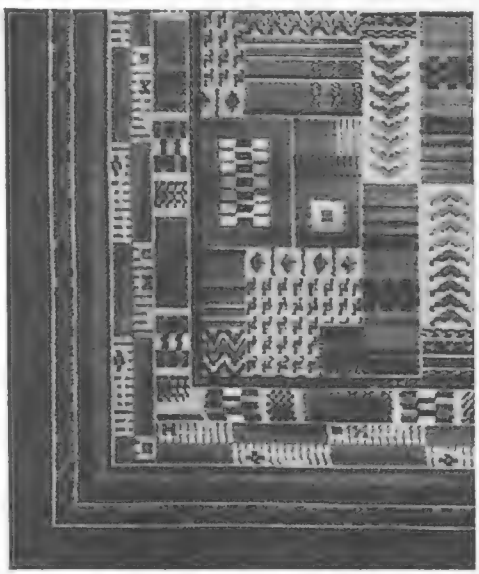

ft. in.	ft. in.	£	s.	d.
9 0 ×	6 0 -	4	7	0
9 0 ×	7 6 -	5	8	9
10 6 ×	9 0 -	7	12	3
12 0 ×	9 0 -	8	14	0
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SHOOTING NOTES

A fine study of shelduck in flight by Mr. Roland Green, F.Z.S. An exhibition of his pictures of game birds, wildfowl, etc., will be opened this month by Lord Desborough at the Ackermann Galleries, in Bond Street

MODERATE HEADS, but GOOD HAUNCHES

By "Clodhopper"

"THE closing phase of what might be described as a deer-stalking season of—with a few notable exceptions—rather indifferent heads but good average weights was spoiled by some of the worst weather experienced in the Highland glens and corries within the past twenty years or longer. Heavy mist and rain prevailed practically without intermission from the second week in September, weather conditions which rendered stalking not only horribly unpleasant, but upon some days simply impossible. On the other hand, the grouse-shooting season of 1930, though also at times greatly marred by rain, has, on the majority of Scottish moors, proved even better than that of last year," writes an Inverness correspondent.

IN many forests the hinds, less forward in condition than usual, were rather late in seeking the companionship of the stags. In point of fact, not a few of the latter were to be seen peacefully feeding in the forests, and, apparently, taking no interest in matters of a marital nature during the first week in October.

THE rut being relatively late, a few owners and lessees of forests "carried on" two or three days beyond October 10—the unwritten but orthodox date upon which stags are supposed to be sanctuarised. With the exception of wounded beasts being given the coup de grâce, never the report of a rifle was heard in the Scottish deer forests after the second week in October.

TAKING all things into consideration one imagines that a good number of owners and lessees failed to account for more than 75 per cent. or so of their limit. In our experience, however, many of the best heads of the season are secured during the winding-up stage of deer-stalking. It is, therefore, quite possible that handsome trophies may have found a way into the taxidermist's hands since my Hieland friend wrote to me on the subject of deer and grouse.

THE Duke of Portland's famous Caithness forest of Langwell yielded its usual complement of heavy stags, some of which boasted heads strong in beam and point—another example of what judicious hand-feeding will do towards improving both horns and haunches. The Marquess of Titchfield's thirteen-pointer, killed in the ducal preserves during September, and weighing 25 st. clean, is one of the heaviest wild red stags recorded for many years. The biggest stag on record was, I believe, shot by the late Col. the Hon. Alastair Fraser at Beaufort in 1876. The weight of the huge beast in question was 30 st. 2 lb. clean, and his haunches drew the scale at 73 lb. and 75 lb. respectively.

NO fewer than eighty stags were killed by Sir John Dewrance and his party in Brawlen, of which the late Mr. Walter Winans, of rifle and pistol-shooting fame, was at one time lessee. I understand that Mrs. Rich, whose prowess with gun and rifle has previously been commented upon in these Notes, accounted for twenty-two Brawlen stags, including a good Royal. Mrs. T. H. Coats, another keen sportswoman, also succeeded in shooting a Royal and a very fine fourteen-pointer in Ardverikie.

EIGHTY stags, including a number of Royals, have been accounted for in the forest of Affaric by Viscount Furness and a party of friends. Lord Furness does not shoot very much himself, but his son, who is an extraordinarily keen deer-stalker and a first-rate shot, was responsible for a very considerable proportion of the best heads procured.

NOTWITHSTANDING that he has passed by the seventy-third milestone, Captain Christian Combe, the owner of Strathconon forest, Ross-shire, dropped three good stags with as many shots during one day's stalking in early September, while on the following day he killed six more of an averaged weight of 15 st. 10 lb. Lord Cavan and other guests of Captain Combe have enjoyed excellent stalking in Strathconon since the opening of the season.

ALTHOUGH open to correction, of course, I venture to say that the following quartette of veteran deer-stalkers, namely, Captain Christian Combe, the Duke of Portland, Mr. Sydney Loder, and Mr. Williams, of Strathvaich, could between them claim to have shot a far greater total of stags than any other four men in the kingdom.

WHILE putting in a couple of days' rough shooting and wildfowling on the Essex uplands and marshes recently my host asked me to try half a dozen of what turned out to be the hardest-hitting 12-bore cartridges I have shot with for many a long day. The "Lia Fail" is a new Eley cartridge specially designed and charged with 43 grs. of Schultze and 1⅛ oz. of shot for wildfowling and rough shooting in Ireland—or, for that matter, in any other moist and humid climate, I take it. The cases are specially treated to resist wet and damp, and they appeal to one as being admirably suitable for wildfowl shooting both ashore and afloat, the price being I believe, 15*s.* 6*d.* per 100.

I AM told that the "Lia Fail" cartridge is the outcome of a consultation between Dr. Wagner, the well-known Irish game and snipe shot, and Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd. I purpose giving the ammunition in question a thorough trial in the field in the near future, when I shall be able to say more about it.

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

ETIQUETTE AS REGARDS FOXES

SHOOTING is perhaps the only sport which at its own cost provides the wherewithal for another sport, but shooting men and the servants of the beat are often sadly ignorant as to the mode of preventing Master Reynard from running in amongst the assembled birds and putting them up in a cloud. Given anything like an opportunity the fox will slip out quietly at the side, for he knows all about the advancing line of stick rattlers in the rear and will have satisfied himself as to the presence of mankind ahead. Unless the stops know their work in this particular or have been specially warned they are more likely than not on viewing the stranger to yell their loudest. The cry is repeated on every attempt at departure; the fox, concluding he is cornered, hides till the last moment and then dashes out, to produce the result usually described as "bad luck." Correct procedure on viewing a fox is to remain as quiet as possible, so providing the opportunity he seeks to retire unobtrusively. When he is well away by all means exercise the lungs, since there is nothing more creditable to a well-managed shoot than to carry its quota of foxes. Advertise your virtue the loudest possible; it helps counteract the nasty things that sometimes get said.

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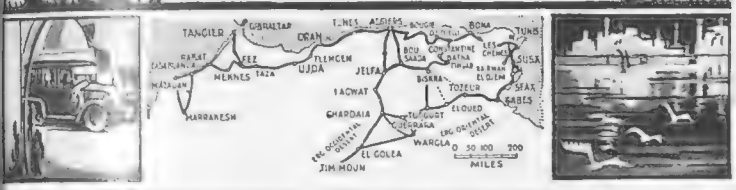

TRIUMPH
Scorpion Six Cylinder

HERE is something entirely new—the most modern expression of present-day motoring—the Triumph Scorpion six cylinder. This new Triumph is a full four-seater car, luxuriously furnished, yet the price—£237 10s. complete, with sliding roof—makes it the least expensive luxury six in existence to-day.

Write for full details of Triumph Cars. There are Super Seven models from £162 10 0

Triumph Motor Co., Ltd., Coventry. London: 218, Gt. Portland St., W.1 (1st Floor).

Obtainable through your usual Dealer.

THE
WINCHESTER
TRADE MARK

5-CELL
FOCUSING SEARCHLIGHT

No. 69121 Nickel
Price 22/6
Complete.

—throws its brilliant beam almost a quarter of a mile.

No. 69124 Black Metal
Price 21/6
Complete.

The flashlight was, at first, merely a convenience which would illuminate dark corners of a room or other objects close at hand. To-day, however, it has graduated to much broader fields of usefulness, and this 5-cell Winchester Focusing Searchlight is a true giant among flashlights which throws its clear, white beam almost a quarter of a mile. With this powerful searchlight you can stand at a window or on the porch and see what is taking place out by the barn, garage, chicken yard or other points as distant as 1,200 ft. Every home, camp, cottage, boat and car should be provided with at least ONE searchlight of this powerful long-range type.

There is no flashlight quite like a "Winchester."

Sole Distributors in Great Britain and Ireland:

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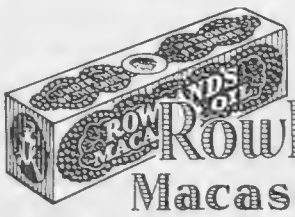
Why go grey?

Greyness is frequently due to nothing more than lack of nourishment at the roots, which results in suspension of the pigment producing agency. In such cases, after Rowland's Macassar Oil has been rubbed well into the scalp for a few days a renewed activity of the roots often becomes apparent and soon the natural colour is restored.

Of Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers — 3/6, 7/-, and 10/6. "Red" for dark hair, "golden" for fair or grey hair.



Rowland's Macassar Oil

JH & Co. RM44

A. ROWLAND & SONS, Ltd., 112, Guilford Street, London, W.C.1.

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COUNTRY CLUB
STOKE POGES BUCKS
Delightfully Situated in Beautiful Country
200 feet above SEA LEVEL

AN OLD-WORLD TUDOR MANSION WITH EVERY MODERN CONVENIENCE
(2½ *Miles from Slough*)
Sheltered Against Winter Winds
TENNIS (4 Hard Courts). BILLIARDS. RIDING. HUNTING. SQUASH RACQUETS. GOLF. DANCING. CENTRAL HEATING. AMERICAN BAR. Half an Hour's Train Journey from London.
Come and live here for the Winter!
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From 25/-
Made in five distinct types for ASSOCIATION and RUGBY

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FROM SPORTS OUTFITTERS STORES & CLUB PROFESSIONALS
ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET AND NAME OF LOCAL AGENT FROM
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GOLF & SHOOTING
FLEXIBLE AND ANKLE SUPPORTING
FOR LADIES 35/- FOR MEN 42/-
IN FOUR FITTINGS

MOTOR NOTES

WANTED—RACING FOR THE YOUNG

By E. M. Wright

FRANCE'S FIRST DOUBLE-DECKER

A Crossley 50-seater omnibus passing through Beauvais on its journey from Manchester to Paris and back. It was conveying members of the Municipal Tramways and Transport Association

RECENT criticisms of the alleged recklessness of undergraduate motorists in Oxford prompt the question: Is motoring a safe sport for the young? Far more important, however, is the question: What is recklessness? High speed is not of itself dangerous, as our Parliamentarians have at last very reluctantly had to admit. Speed is purely relative. There are times, indeed, when the still existing legal limit is infinitely more dangerous than 60 or 70 m.p.h. Everything depends on the state and the average speed of the traffic, the condition of the car, and the ability of the driver. Indeed, as one Don put it, "a skilful driver is often safer when he is speeding," provided, of course, the car he is driving is designed for speed.

***

WHATEVER else the average youthful motorist lacks, he (though not always she) possesses a high degree of driving skill. Even the Chief Constable of Oxford, who doubtless holds no brief for wild and woolly youth, has frankly admitted that undergraduate motorists have more than the average share of road sense. This is hardly surprising, for the youth of to-day has been learning road sense from the cradle upwards. The child on a toy push bicycle often gives better and clearer signals than his father. Many a time have I seen a tot of eight or nine signal his turnings and his stoppings with the punctiliousness of a Court official in the presence of his Sovereign. Modern youth is born to traffic. Road sense is in its very blood.

***

THOUGH he has his full measure of road sense, the modern young man, like his father before him, is, however, sadly deficient in common sense. High spirits and a love of display lead him into doing what he knows he ought not to do, but which nothing on earth will prevent him from doing. Too often the brilliant young driver of a super sports car misuses his skill. He deliberately takes risks to show off. "Blinding" round corners, shaving past other and staider vehicles, cutting in at the last possible moment—these are the things which give life a "kick," for no other reason than that they possess an element of risk. It is useless for older and more sedate motorists to say, Don't! The more one fulminates, the more is one likely to encourage recklessness.

***

TALK of raising the minimum age limit, or of any kind of restriction, is equally idle. Far better is it that an enthusiastic young man shall be allowed to drive openly in a car which he knows from A to Z—even though that car costs his parents many shekels of silver—than that he should be tempted to borrow or hire a car that he does not know at all. He would still have an urge to blind—without, however, the necessary driving experience which might otherwise get him out of a tight corner. Another point, too. The average young man does not seek deliberately to damage his own property. A slightly dinted mud-wing on his own car will bring home to him the need for reasonable caution with infinitely greater force than a thoroughgoing smash in which someone else's car is involved. What we need is organised amateur racing on road or on track where the young man of to-day can break records without serious risk of his breaking his own or someone else's neck.

***

THE identical Austin Seven which pulled off such a remarkable win at 83.41 m.p.h. in the recent 500-mile race followed this up by securing no fewer than thirteen international records in Class H—subject, of course, to official confirmation. The speeds varied from 84.94 m.p.h. for the 100 miles to 83.73 m.p.h. for the six hours and 81.71 for twelve hours. For the last two hours the driving had to be done in darkness with the aid of a few red lamps hung at critical points of the track.

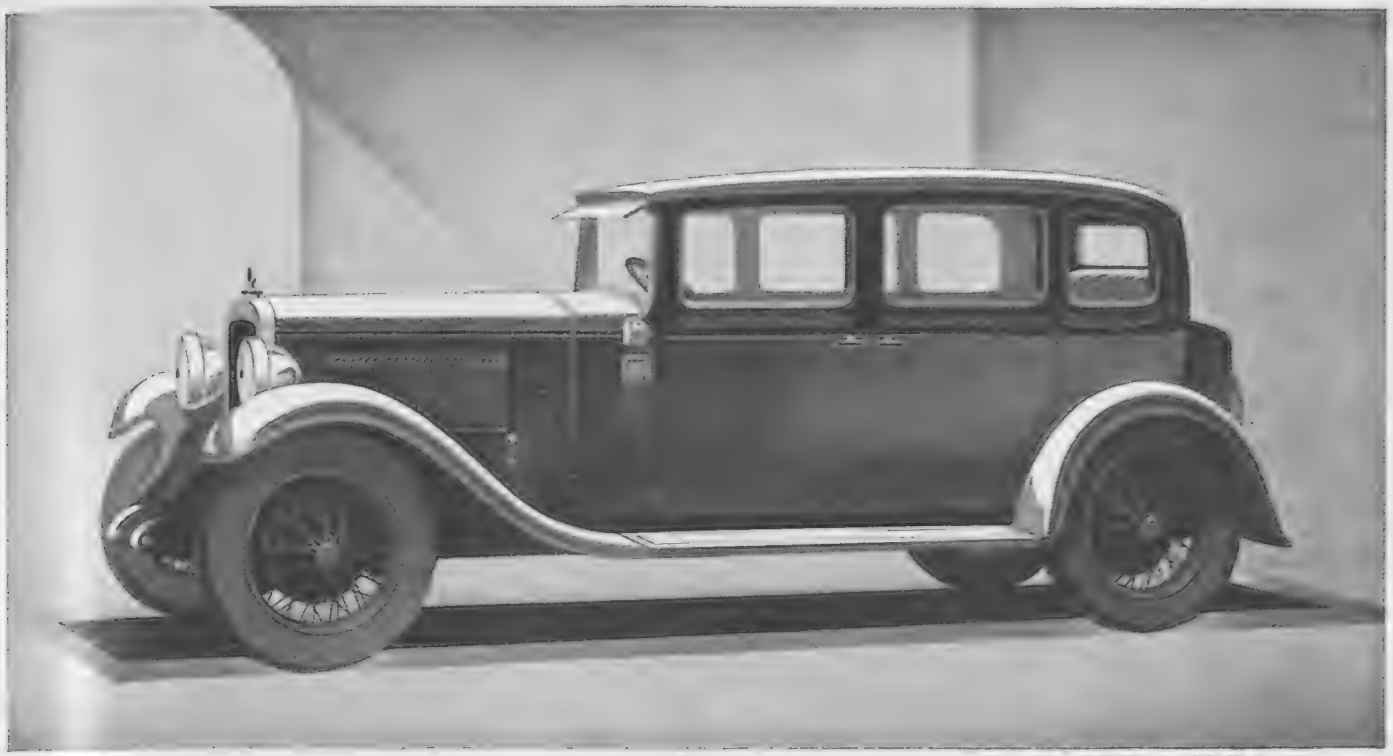
***

ON a subsequent occasion Mr. S. C. H. Davies secured four more international records with the same car. These were for the standing mile and kilometre and flying mile and kilometre, the speeds for the latter two being 87.7 and 89 m.p.h. respectively. These were, of course, the average of runs in each direction. In conversation with a representative of THE BYSTANDER the other day Captain A. C. R. Waite, the well-known Austin racing expert, gave some interesting figures of the performance of this little car in the 500 miles race. The average speed of the engine was 4,800 revs.

(*Continued on page* xiv)

Three 16-cylinder Cadillac cars, which have achieved great popularity. They are seen outside Cologne Cathedral during a trip round Europe

AS . DEPENDABLE . AS . AN . AUSTIN



THE NEW TWENTY MAYFAIR SALOON

Money cannot buy you more . . .

Money cannot buy a more completely equipped, more thoroughly dependable car than the Austin Twenty.

In the most recent addition to the line—the new five-passenger Mayfair Saloon on the short wheel-base—is found every advancement that coachcraft can devise, or driver and passengers require.

Seating is so luxurious that the longest run has no fatigue. Then, for yet greater ease, are folding footrests, a hinged central arm-rest and side arm-rests, too; folding occasional tables, companion sets, a roof net . . . in short, every comfort the owner driver would demand in a car built to his own ideal.

The appearance is equally impressive, equally beautiful. The broad panelled waistline moulding and window reveals if desired, may be picked out in light tones. The slightly sloping windshield, the long bonnet, the graceful low roof line, the rear quarter panelling curving down to the commodious built-in trunk—all give the car the stamp of inherent quality comparable to cars costing a great deal more.

Consider the price! Remember the basic correctness of Austin design, its long lasting worth, its outstanding dependability. Then ask yourself—where at this price can a car of this quality be bought?

PRICES AT WORKS
The New Twenty Mayfair Saloon (6-wire wheels) £530
The New Twenty Mayfair Saloon (4-wire wheels) £530

Upholstery in Vaumol luxeur grain hide or fine carriage cloth. Dunlop magnalium) operated dip and switch headlights, and fullest equipment including Triplex glass, chromium plating, wire wheels and spare, Dunlop tyres.

AUSTIN

The Austin Motor Company Ltd., Longbridge, Birmingham. Showrooms, also Service Station for the Austin Seven: 479-483, Oxford Street, London, W.1. Showrooms and Service Station: Holland Park Hall, W.11.

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page xii)

per minute throughout the race. It is calculated that the crankshaft revolved 1,730,000 times. During the race the driver was signalled to try and knock five seconds off his lap time—and this he promptly did, completing a lap at the amazing average of 88 m.p.h. K.L.G. plugs were used by the Austin team.

Steel Bodies

MOTOR car manufacturers have long realised that, though man continues to pay for the car, it is usually woman who chooses it. The influence of the fair sex in the matter of design has never been so triumphantly demonstrated as this year at the motor shows. At first thought it may not be obvious why women should choose pressed steel in preference to fabric—there is so uncompromising a suggestion of masculinity about cold steel. Yet in any question of appearance pressed steel does undoubtedly offer advantages, and therein lies the secret of its acceptance. The main advantage lies not only in the fact that the surface of a pressed-steel panel gives the best possible basis for attractive decoration—hence the faultless mirror-hard finish of the pressed-steel body. But there is also the all-important question of line, and the pressed-steel body—being in essence a light but very strong steel shell—offers to the modern designer the finest possible medium for those long, sweeping lines that capture the feminine eye. It was noticeable at the recent Olympia Show that many more British makers have now standardised this type of coachwork.

* * *

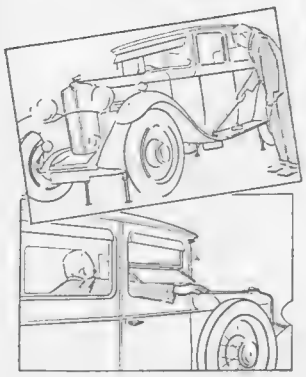
CASTROL literature, which I noticed was being given away at the Show, includes two or three booklets that should be useful to any motorist who was not able to visit Olympia. Amongst them is a list of oil and grease guns made by the Castrol people themselves. It is not generally realised that grease nipples can be bought to convert quite old cars to pressure lubrication, and three types of guns are made by the Wakefield people with a specially easy means of reloading. Another booklet worth having and published by Wakefield and Co., Ltd., (address, Wakefield House, Cheapside, E.C.2), is "Motor Car Lubrication Simply Explained," by H. Thornton Rutter, the well-known writer on motoring.

A Singer Ten in the village street of Minster Lovell, in the Valley of the Windrush, near Witney

A Ford on Test

NO longer can it be said of the Ford that it looks cheap. Model A, or the new Ford, as it is called, compares favourably with any car in this respect. I had a trial of one recently fitted with the 24 h.p. engine which the Ford Motor Co. and Sir Percival Perry, its genial head, are trying to push because it is much more efficient and gives more enjoyable motoring than the 14.9 h.p. engine which is provided as an alternative. In fact, the Ford people are now charging an extra £5 for the latter engine so as to encourage the use of the larger one. Undeniably the extra power is worth having, for the top gear performance of this car is nothing short of marvellous, though, of course, a four-cylinder of such a size must not be expected to prove as smooth as a six. The steering is light and certain, and an excellent degree of lock coupled with a comparatively short wheelbase makes the car very handy in all conditions of traffic. E. M. W.

THE MOST COMPLETELY EQUIPPED CARS ON THE ROAD



The STAR "COMET" and "PLANET" Ranges

Equipment includes: SMITH'S HYDRAULIC JACKING SYSTEM (which lifts the whole car or any one individual wheel off the ground)—PATENT SIGNALLINGWINDOW—SILENTTHIRD-SPEED GEAR BOX—Bendix Perrot Brakes on four wheels —Luvax Hydraulic Shock Absorbers—SMITH'S Automatic thermostatic radiator shutters—High pressure engine lubrication—One-shot lubrication—Reserve petrol supply—Concealed tables—Fog visor and fog light—Sliding roof—Window louvres, etc.

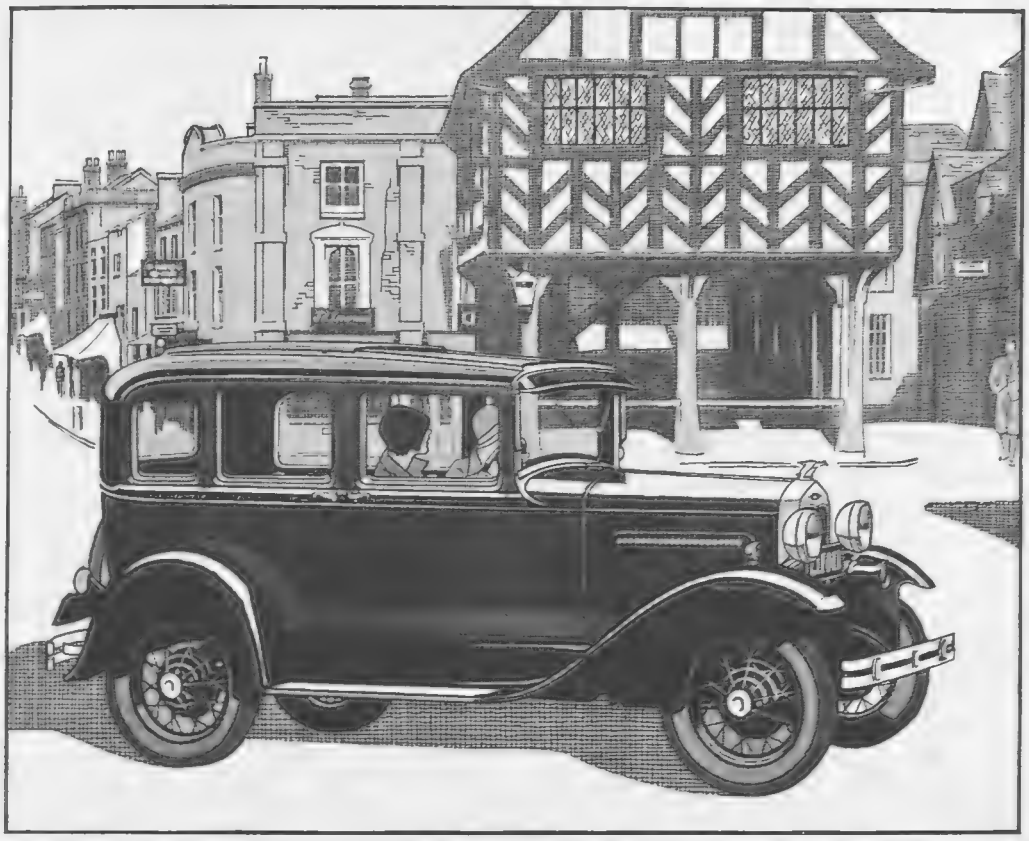
PRICES: "COMET" RANGE £495. "PLANET" RANGE £695. ALL MODELS.

Illustrated Literature on application.

THE STAR MOTOR CO. LTD. - 27 ALBEMARLE ST., PICCADILLY, W.1.
WORKS AT BUSHBURY, WOLVERHAMPTON. (ASSOCIATED WITH GUY MOTORS, LTD.)

TWO YEARS' GUARANTEE AND TWO YEARS' FREE INSPECTION

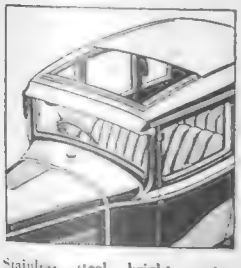
Owners do not put their FORD Cars up for the Winter



NEW DE LUXE FORDOR SALOON, NOW REDUCED TO £225 AT WORKS, MANCHESTER
The Market House, Ledbury, in background.

FEW OWNERS of new Fords put their cars away for the Winter. They find the new Ford too useful to be spared.

Business. Shopping. Parties. Theatres. Week-ends. Touring. These are some of the many things owners use their new Fords for in Winter time.



Stainless steel bright parts. Streamline harmony and grace. Sliding Roof may be opened when there is blue sky overhead.

The new Ford's powerful starter works instantly on frosty mornings.

The welded all-steel bodies with easily raised and lowered windows are always comfortable.

The unsplinterable glass windscreen may be regulated to admit air while at the same time excluding rain.

The low wheels, large tyres, powerful four-wheel brakes, four hydraulic shock absorbers, careful balancing and excellent springing make the new Ford an unusually safe car in any weather.

Luxurious upholstery. Disappearing arm-rest. Roomy pockets in doors. Comfort and convenience far above the price.

Truly, as enquiry among Ford owners shows, the new Ford is an all-year car. Its comfort, convenience and economy last all the year through. Call at your nearest Ford dealer's to-day and let him demonstrate these things to you.

A new Ford Car is now more easily within your reach than ever — since the recent price reductions. Ask your Ford dealer for a trial run.

LINCOLN Ford Fordson

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED. London and Manchester

DOGS

PEDIGREE AND BRAINS

By Lady Kitty Ritson

I AM so often asked whether I consider it is better to have a mongrel or a pedigree dog, and, more often than not, the questioner says: "Mongrels are so much cleverer, aren't they?" Now, I don't think they are; on the contrary, the well-bred dog (not necessarily the show dog) has been bred carefully with a view to brains as well as to other things. The average mongrel roams the streets and must, therefore, develop a certain amount of sense, or he would speedily become non est, but were the pedigree dog to do the same he would become just as cunning. Personally, I would always rather own a pedigree dog than a mongrel, but the word "pedigree" is so often abused, and is believed to mean a silly, over-bred, pampered animal. On the contrary it merely designates a dog whose ancestors are known back to the third generation to be pure-bred and registered at the Kennel Club.

YOU must remember that the Scottish working collie, the cleverest, probably, of all dogs, is never — or practically never — a mongrel. You would find, on enquiry, that "Shep" and "Meg" and all the good workers had ancestors which were known and revered, and should their owners wish to register them at the K.C. they would probably be able to do so.

ON the other hand, a "lurcher" is technically a mongrel, but he might be of pedigree parents on both sides, viz., a greyhound and a collie. (This is the correct cross for a lurcher.) When I say that I would rather own a pedigree dog than a mongrel, I mean that I would rather own a dog who had been bred on purpose, than a puppy that was merely the result of a chance mating round the corner, and whose dam had had neither care nor kindness while she was pregnant.

Photopress

Five fine Irish Wolfhounds with a youthful admirer. The photograph was taken at the establishment of Mrs. Beynon, at Sutton-at-Hone, Kent

I AM always infuriated with the people who pamper their dogs with chicken and tit-bits, just because the latter are spoiled. On the other hand, you must vary your dog's food, and if he is not faddy but happens to "go off his food" a little, there is no harm in giving him some "tasty bits" such as Spiller's Cod-Liver Oil Biscuits, or Entwistle's "Morsels." These are a treat without being a silly luxury.

MIND you pay a visit to the Met. and Essex Show to-morrow, November 6th, at the Crystal Palace, as you will see an assortment of all the best dogs, and it is a comfortable show to view.

BY APPOINTMENT

BANISH DOGGY WORRY

Have at your disposal the advice and assistance of a qualified veterinary surgeon. This help is quite free to every member of

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4' 9" Jacobean Buffet with charming details £29 18 6

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No. 0762.—Crêpe-de-Chine. In Black, Jeanne d'Arc Blue, Japanese Red, Bermuda Green and White Satin. Other shades not in stock can be dyed, 2/6 extra. *Postage 6d.* 19/9

No. 0764.—Crêpe-[illegible]hine, piped Silver Kid. In Black and Whit[illegible]panese Red, Bermuda Green, Jeanne d'Arc Blue, Plage and Beige. Other shades not [illegible]tock can be dyed, 2/6 extra. *Postage 6d.* 25/9

No. 0763.—Crêpe-[illegible]hine. In Black and White, Jeanne d'A[illegible] Blue, Japanese Red and Bermuda Gree[illegible]. Other shades not in stock can be dyed, 2/6 extra. *Postage 6d.* 12/9

No. 0760.—Crêpe-de-Chine, piped Silver Kid. Stocked in Black and White. Can be dyed any shade, 2/6 extra. *Postage 6d.* 25/9

No. 0761.—Crêpe-de-Chine. In Black and White; also in White Satin. Can be dyed any shade, 2/6 extra. *Postage 6d.* 21/9

ABBOTT'S

324 OXFORD ST. (Next to D. H. Evans.)
82, REGENT ST. (Opp. Piccadilly Hotel.)
255, OXFORD ST (Next to Jay's.)
98, KENSINGTON HIGH ST. (Opp. Derry & Toms.)

and two other famous Actresses

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"My 'Shillacraft' handbag appealed to me because it looked thoroughly good, both in material and workmanship. I was naturally pleased—but not surprised—to find that the 'Shillacraft' seal inside the handbag plainly and proudly stated that it was 'British made.'"
(signed) **Heather Thatcher.**

Shillacraft

FOR THOSE WHO LOVE NICE THINGS

"I cannot think how any one can choose a foreign-made handbag in preference to a 'Shillacraft.' They are perfect in every detail. My own 'Shillacraft' has given me great satisfaction and has often been admired."
(signed) **Edna Best.**

HANDBAGS OF DISTINCTION

"LINCOLN"

This Seal is your Guarantee

BRITISH Shillacraft MANUFACTURE

"WARWICK"

In all latest fashion shades.

10/6

Dainty Under-arm bag in Morocco, lined moiré poplin, fitted British Lightning fastener, with side pockets. Smart cording on front with panel to take initial. Size 9" x 6". Expanding handle at rear.

Large top opening handbag, best quality Morocco, strong frame with smart imitation onyx and polished brass catch. Suède lined throughout, triple centre division lined suède and white kid, fitted large mirror and purse. Size 11" x 8½".

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Stocked everywhere. If any difficulty in obtaining we will send you name of nearest stockist of "Shillacraft" bags. Write:—
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A New Shaving Cream That Soothes as It Softens!

You are familiar with **Cuticura** and its cleansing, antiseptic properties. Now comes **Cuticura Shaving Cream**, containing those medicinal properties. It produces a rich, creamy lather that goes right to the hair-follicles—softening the beard immediately. It remains moist throughout the shave. BUY A TUBE TODAY!

Price 1s. 6d. a tube. Sold at chemists. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E. C. 1.

BY APPOINTMENT

Supreme quality at a popular price

RODGERS CUTLERY

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TRADE MARK GRANTED 1682

THE GOURMET — By Emilia

Luncheon

HORS D'ŒUVRES VARIÉS.

SOLE À LA MARSELLE.

CIVET DE LIÈVRE.
SALADE AUX ORANGES.

SOUFFLÉ AU CHOCOLAT.

ÉCLAIRS DES SARDINES.

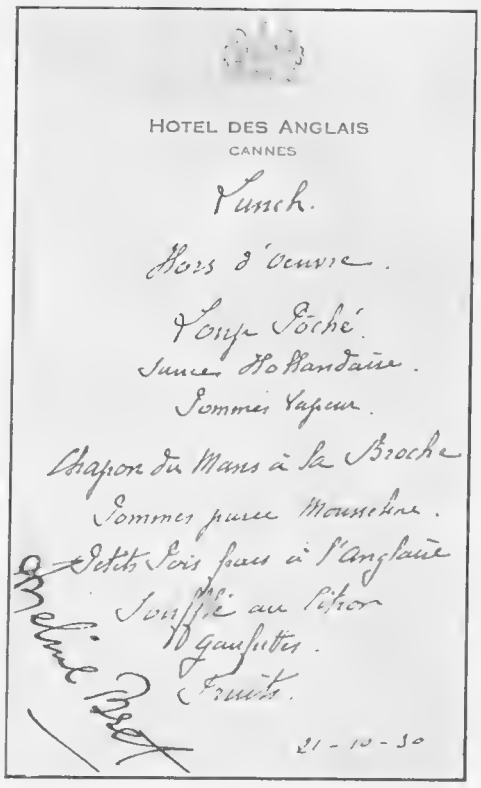
CAFÉ.

Sole à la Marselle

TAKE a fresh sole, remove the head, score the fish across, season with salt and coralline pepper and a little lemon juice, put in a buttered fireproof dish, and cover with buttered paper. Bake in a moderate oven for fifteen minutes. Take it up and pour a cheese sauce over and brown under the grill.

Civet de Lièvre

CUT the hare up into pieces, fry in dripping with an onion stuck with cloves. Put all into a casserole with plenty of gravy made from bones, a bayleaf, some mixed herbs in a bag, salt and pepper. Cover the casserole and cook in the oven for nearly three hours. Thicken the gravy, and when dishing up add forcemeat balls made as follows: Two tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs, two of chopped suet, one of parsley, half a teaspoonful of mixed herbs, salt, pepper, and one egg. Mix well, shape into small balls and fry in a little butter till a golden brown. Serve red currant jelly with the hare, add port wine to the gravy and a little Worcester sauce.



Menu of a luncheon at the Hotel des Anglais, which, with its beautiful gardens, overlooks Cannes and the Mediterranean. It is signed by Mme. Bret, the proprietress, herself an Englishwoman, and the mother of M. Edouard Bret, the well-known aviator, who flies a Moth over the Riviera

Salade aux Oranges

REMOVE all the skin and pith from some oranges, divide them into their natural divisions, and season well with salad oil, brandy, and a teaspoonful of castor sugar. Add a little chopped tarragon and chervil.

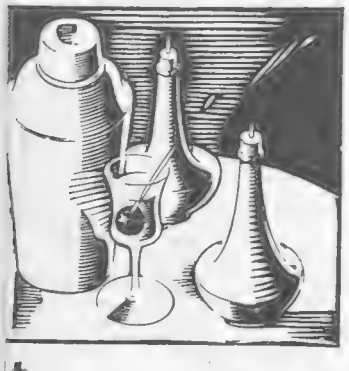
Soufflé au Chocolate

TAKE the yolks of four eggs, three teaspoonfuls of castor sugar, one teaspeenful of flour, and three ounces of finely grated chocolate, and stir together for about five minutes. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth. Then beat them lightly into the mixture. Butter a soufflé tin, fasten round it a band of buttered paper that will stand two and a half inches above the edge of the dish, pour in the soufflé mixture, and bake for fifteen or twenty minutes. Serve at once. Whipped cream can be handed with this if desired.

Éclairs des Sardines

DIVIDE some sardines in halves, remove the backbone and skin, dry well, and season with cayenne. Roll out some paste as thin as possible, spread it lightly with anchovy paste, and cut it into squares. In each square fold half a sardine, leaving the ends open, brush over with yolk of egg, and sprinkle well with grated cheese. Bake in a quick oven and serve hot.

Cocktail Bar



t your elbow

OW that Rose's Cocktail Snaps have put a Cocktail Bar at your elbow, you can mix urself and your friends such cocktails as ofessional mixers dream of—smart, new, uring cocktails—at very little cost.

se's Cocktail Snaps do the trick for you. ey're pure, super-concentrated fruit esces for adding to cocktails, a few drops at time, to bring out all that is best and est in them. They are put up in sets of e for 9/6, well boxed and accompanied a book, wise in the making of cocktails, d witty too, giving over 30 simple recipes. ur Grocer or Wine Merchant has them d so have Fortnum & Mason's, Harrods, fridge's, Victoria Wine Co., etc.

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Pamoil is as comfortable as a scalp massage. It gives lovely, full, rich, strong waves which set easily, and it leaves the hair in a glossy, healthy condition. It is a real tonic to the hair.

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The whole country is taking to drinking hot water and lemon juice every morning. It is one of the wisest health practices ever established. It washes out the stomach and intestinal tract and makes us internally clean.

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Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon rising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous, natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

Remember, Remember

The Fifth of November would certainly not be complete without the fireworks which play so large a part in those nocturnal celebrations which centre round the Gunpowder Plot. Young and old alike enjoy the excitement engendered by such old friends as rockets, Catherine wheels, squibs and crackers, not to mention the newer varieties which make their presence seen and heard from time to time. But it is essential that the fireworks should be of absolutely reliable quality if the evening is to be a success, for nothing is more annoying than struggling with ones which will not function speedily and satisfactorily. However, there need be no cause for any such fears if to-day you make sure that the fireworks you purchase for this evening's display have been made by Messrs. C. T. Brock & Co. For many years this firm has been manufacturing fireworks of exceptionally high quality, and whether your purchase costs but a few shillings or runs into pounds you can rest assured that if you buy Brock's you will get really excellent value for your money.

Vintage Report

The following vintage reports for 1930 have been received from Messrs. Hedges & Butler, of 153, Regent Street, London. Generally speaking, the 1930 vintage in Western Europe does not appear to have resulted in the production of any great quantity of wine, and the quality appears to be below the average. It means, therefore, that the shippers and merchants will have to rely on their stocks of 1926, 1928 and 1929 wines to carry them over the shortage.

Champagne.—The crops in Champagne have been decidedly below the average in quantity this year, and reports sent in since the vintage commenced are very pessimistic over the quality of the grapes gathered.

Sherry.—The yield seems to have been about 10 to 20 per cent. less than last year in most districts, but on the whole the quality seems to be well up to the average, though the wines will be rather light

One of the new R.A.C. telephone boxes designed by Sir Edward Lutyens, R.A. The new direction signs also seen above are easily read at a considerable distance

Port.—The weather was very unsettled all through the year, and the intense heat at times in Portugal proved very damaging to the grapes in the Douro Valley. The quantity of wine made will be small. Prices of the 1928 and the 1929 wines have, therefore, advanced considerably.

Burgundy.—The yield this year is rather less than the average, and the quality of the wine will not be as good as usual. In the white wine districts the yield is exceedingly small, but the quality is better.

Bordeaux Wines.—This year's crop is a complete failure, both as regards quality and quantity, and very little wine will be made, and in some districts none at all. The consequence is that the prices of the 1928 and 1929 clarets are rapidly advancing.

Brandy.—The yield of grapes in the Cognac districts is small compared with the last two years, and it does not appear that the quality will be up to the average.

The R.A.C. and the Roads

During the past three months the R.A.C. has installed twenty-five roadside telephone boxes of the type seen on this page in various parts of the country. These boxes have been built to a special design by Sir Edward Lutyens, R.A., and are intended for use principally in districts where they would be more in harmony with their surroundings than the "sentry box" type of telephone hut commonly employed by the R.A.C. The new box has a square front with split door, the top half opening in the centre in two leaves to enable members to use the telephone, etc., at night time when the R.A.C. Guide usually in attendance is off duty. The boxes are painted in two shades of blue, and undoubtedly have a most pleasing appearance. The value of roadside boxes, containing a telephone, fire-extinguisher, and first-aid outfit is unquestionably very great, and the R.A.C. has now installed approximately 430 in England and Wales, Scotland and Northern Ireland.

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THE BERKELEY HOUNDS AT BERKELEY CASTLE.

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"THE INVASION" (Devon and Somerset Staghounds.
"TARR STEPS" (Devon and Somerset Staghounds).
"CHANGED FOXES" (The Cattistock).
"THE QUORN at Shoby Cross-Roads."
"A GRASS COUNTRY: The Fernie near Billesdon."

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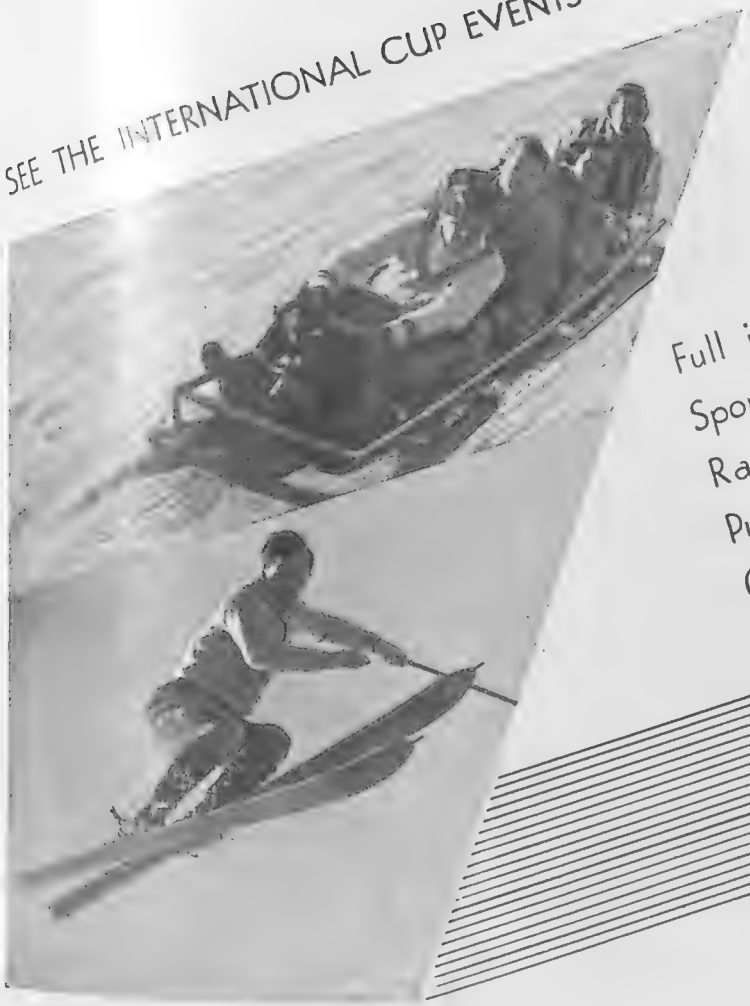

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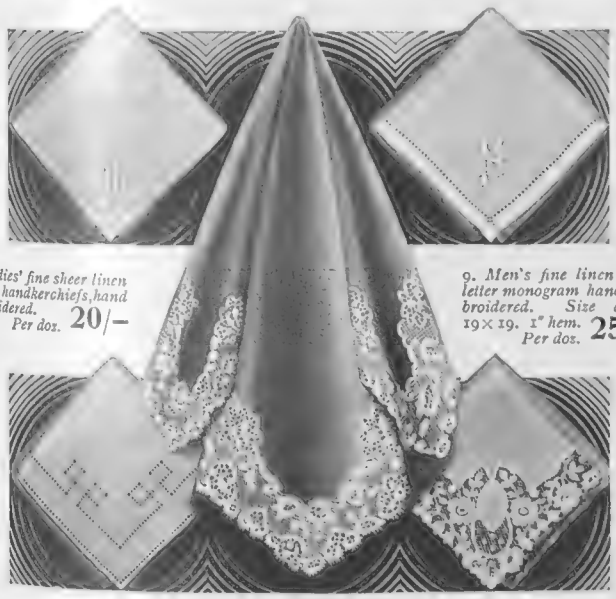

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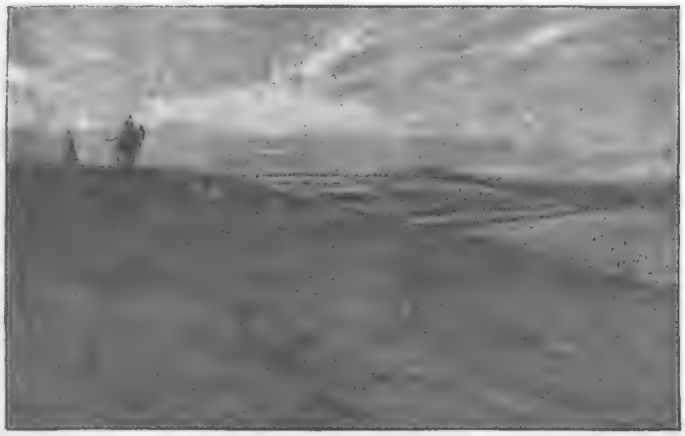

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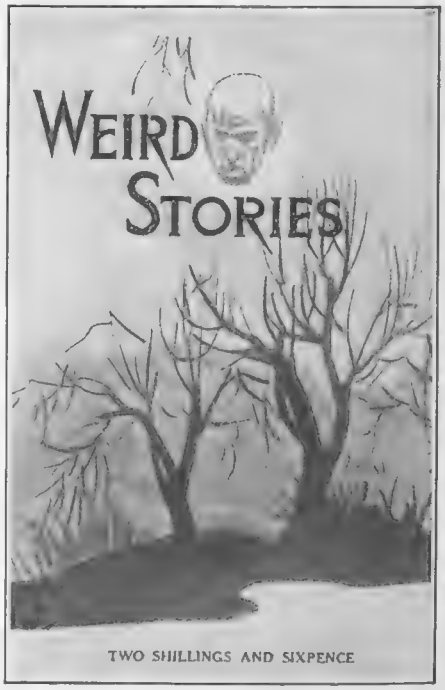

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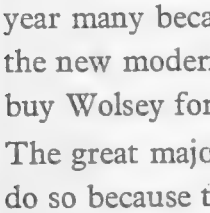

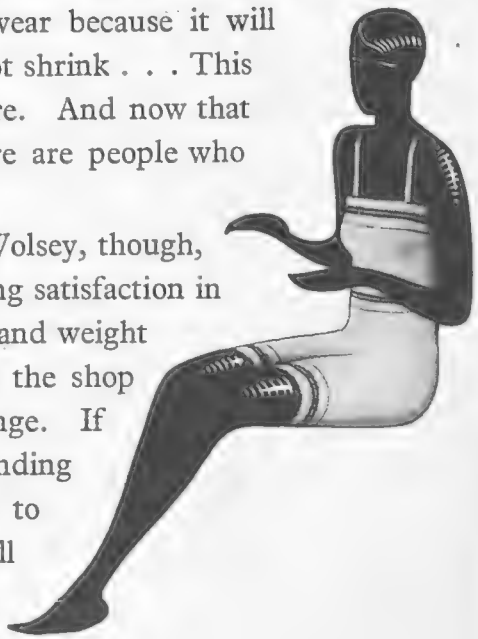

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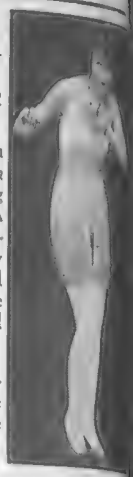

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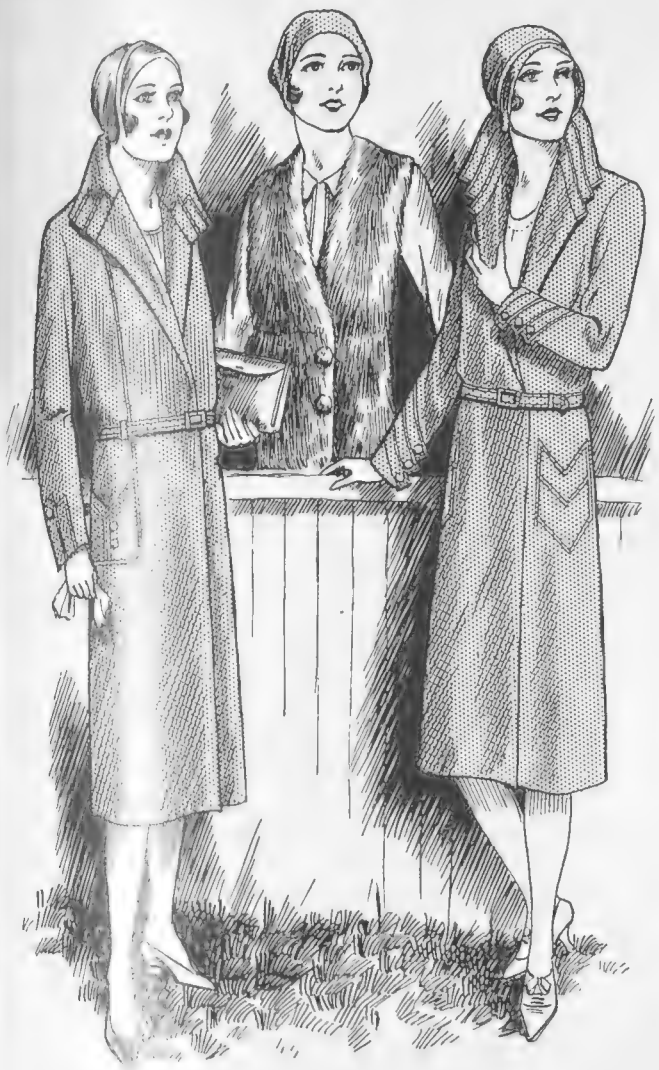

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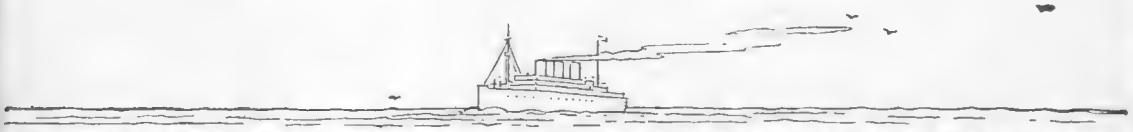

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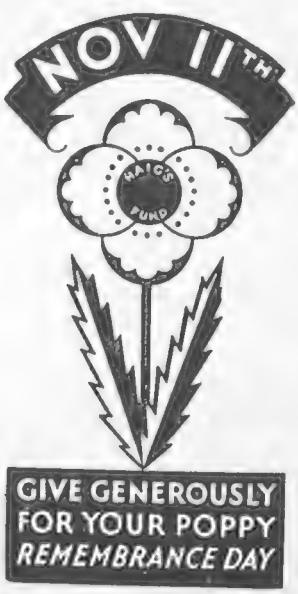

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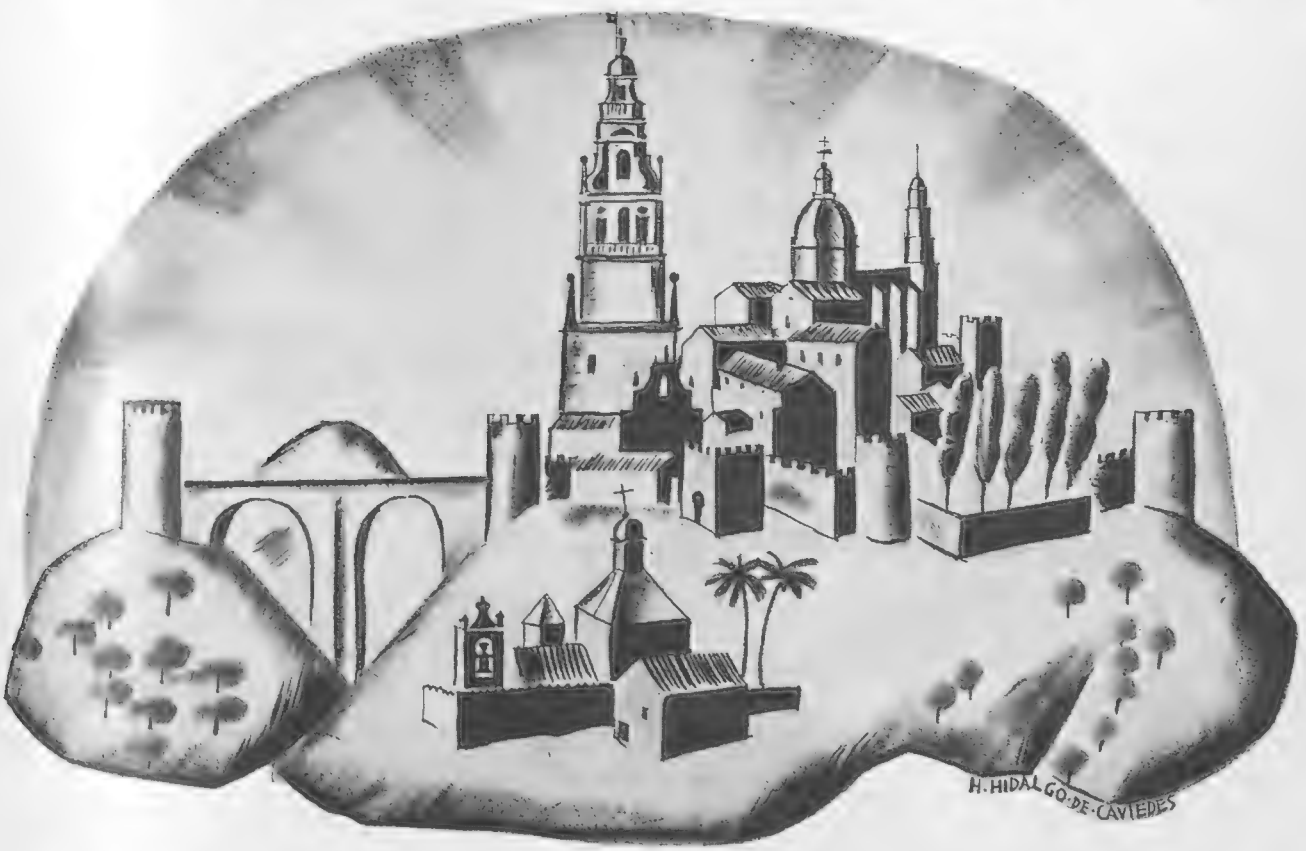

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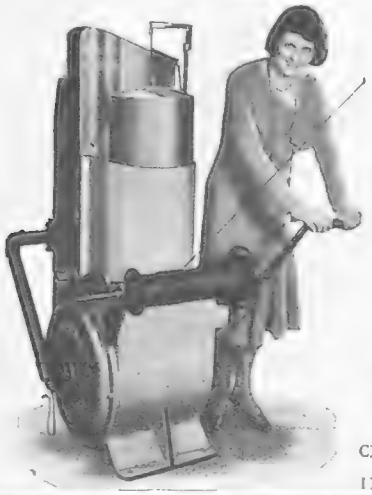

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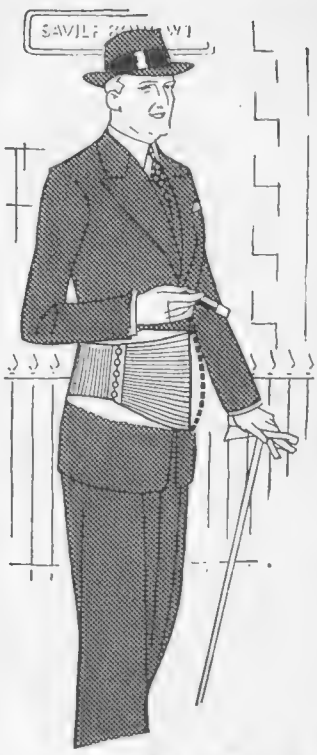

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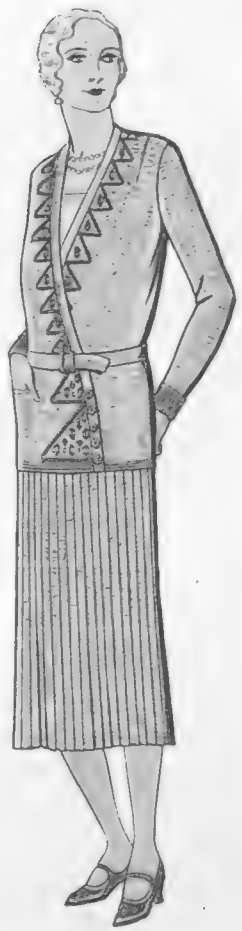

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"That's the world!" she cried, throwing back her head and reaching to the little patchy piece of night that came over our roof; "that's the world, Michael Beaver."

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But Hagar laughed and shook her head. "This the world?" she cried. "Why, what's here is just a scar on its beautiful body!"

The way Michael Beaver watched her made me think of Sarki's mastiff the day he had first seen a June bug.

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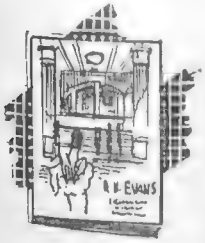

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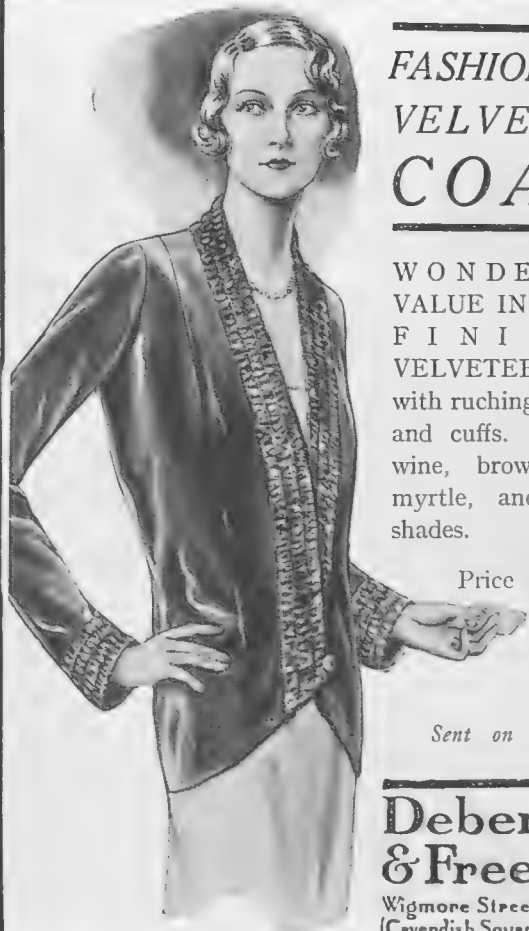

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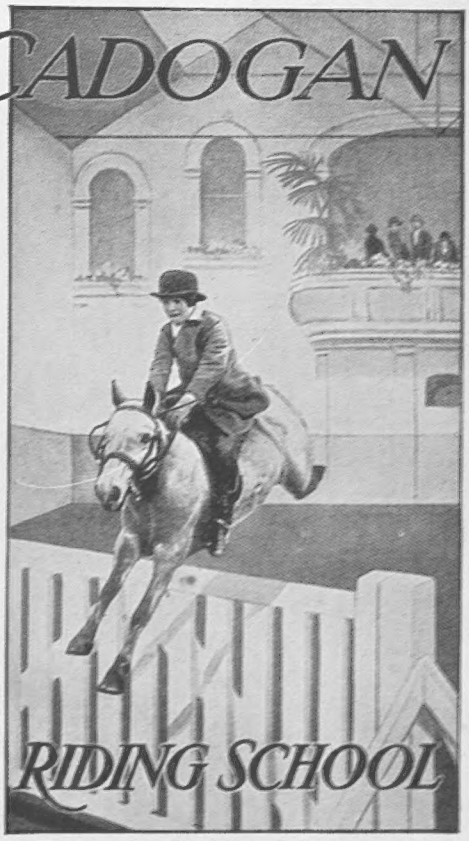

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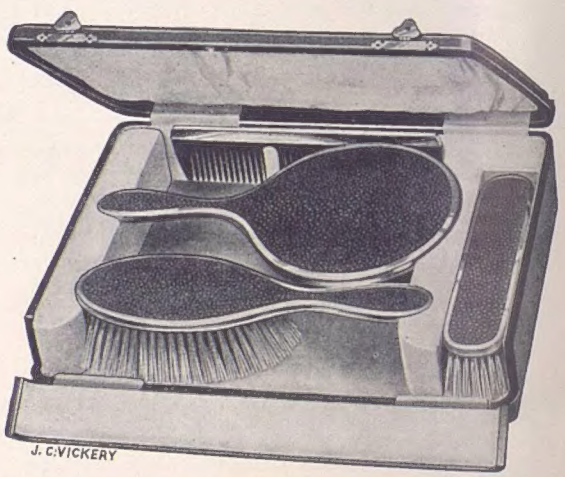

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